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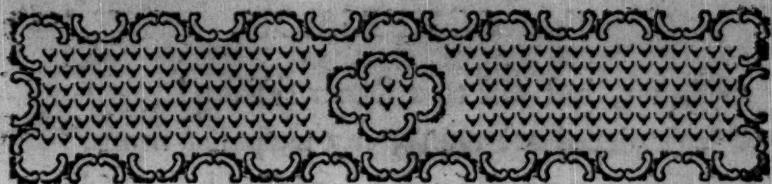
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THE
MUSE IN GOOD HUMOUR:
OR,
COMIC TALES.

THE CONFESSION.
A TALE.

TOM RAMBLE, a rake of true catholic hope,
Who rely'd on salvation through faith—in
the Pope,

Having been to the fair a little too true,
And borrow'd from God, to give woman her due,
With a qualm of contrition, one morning was ta-
ken:

(And conscience declaring 'twas high time to
reckon)

His steps to a convent the gallant address'd,
To pour his transgressions in *Dominick's* breast;
He rent his lac'd ruffles, disgrac'd his toupee,
He broke his cutteau, and he fell on his knee;

VOL. II.

B

“ O father,

" O father, lost rest to a sinner restore !

" These pieces are many, my trespasses more."

Thus saying, a purse from his pocket he loos'd ;

Which, ey'd by the Friar, this answer produc'd :

*Son, trust our good mother, she'll ever confer
Indulgence on those who're indulgent to her.*

Let indigent wretches be scar'd for their souls ;

The church has remission — whilst you have pistols ;

The gate of her mercy to all is unbarr'd ;

To all, I wou'd mean, who come duly prepar'd.

" A shepherdes, harmless and young, I betray'd ;

" I found her, ah ! wou'd I had left her, a maid !

" Untaught as the lambs, which she watch'd on

" the common,

" Allur'd by this purse, I made her a woman.

" This bought the repentance, this bought the de-

" light ;

" Take, take, holy father, the fiend from my sight."

The father obey'd, and took charge of the booty :

Obedience, you know, was a branch of his duty ;

So was poverty too, yet, *aurum accepit* :

Why sure you don't think his intent was to keep it !

But (lest a bad tale by its length be made worse)

The Friar well weighing the case — of the purse :

I find not (saith he) any cause for alarm ;

You instructed the ignorant ; where was the harm ?

" The charms of a widow my soul did surprize ;

" Her grief was unequal'd, and so were her eyes.

" No second enjoyment she'd sworn to allow ;

" I kiss'd off her tears, and oh ! cancell'd her vow."

Meer

THE CONFESSION.

3

*Meer charity, son, had oblig'd you to this ;
To comfort the widow was sure not amiss.*

"An *Huguenot's* consort fell next in my snare,
"By force I subdu'd the untractable fair :
"Her husband intruded, he fell in the strife :
"I stripp'd her of honour, and him of his life."

*Pish, let not such trifles your mind incommode ;
To take from an Heretick's giving to God.*

"To a beautiful *Nun*, I my flame did reveal,
"She open'd her heart, and she open'd her cell,
"She open'd ——— O heavens !" ———

Damnation and hell ! ———

Mark, mark it in black, O ye sacred recorders !

What, lie with a Nun, and not be in orders ?

*That one deadly sin exceeds all the seven,**

'Tis robbing the church, and that's robbing of heav'n :

'Tis that damnable error which can't be forgiv'n.

Nor vigil, nor off'ring can atone for your evil ;

Down, down to perdition ; down, down to the devil.

Away crept the gallant ; away crept the Monk :
'This sneak'd to his porridge, and that to his punk.

* Alluding to the seven deadly sins in the *Popish* Liturgy.



THE BOTTLE-SCREW.

A T A L E.

By Mr. AMHURST.

THE *Patten*, *Fan*, and *Petticoat*,
 Three modern themes of special note,
 In parlous rhimes immortal live,
 If rhimes immortal life can give;
 The *Mouse-Trap*, in sonorous lays,
 Transmits thro' ages *Taffy's* praise;
 While still unsung in pompous strains,
 Oh! shame! the *Bottle-Screw* remains;
 The *Bottle-Screw*, whose worth, whose use,
 All men confess, that love the juice.
 Forgotten sleeps the man, to whom
 We owe th' invention; on his tomb,
 No public honours grace his name,
 No pious bard records his fame;
 Elate with pride and joy I see
 The deathless task reserv'd for me.

Say, gentle muse, in living song,
 Whence first this useful engine sprung,
 And *thou*, who (if report speak true)
 In pocket always bear'st thy *Screw*,
 Accept, DELANE, in youthful lays,
 The homage which the poet pays.

Once

Once on a time, of mortal men,
(No matter where, no matter when)
There liv'd a jolly country vicar,
Who lov'd the church and eke his liquor;
What was his name, I do not read
In *Baker*, *Hollinshead*, or *Speed*,
But thro' the progress of our poem,
By name of *Roger* you must know him.

Some little faults this *Roger* had,
But of the dead, mum! nothing bad;
As that he rarely paid his debts,
And others which the muse forgets;
Our business 'tis his faults to hide,
And only shew his better side.
All writers in this point agree,
That he was jovial and free,
A merry wight! and, after mass,
Would smoke his pipe, and drink his glass:
Oft fond of mirth and conversation,
Or press'd by courteous invitation,
To neighb'ring farmers he'd repair,
And spend a winter ev'ning there;
Sometimes of grizly sprights would talk,
That in white sheets at midnight walk,
Till all the list'ning children groan,
And dare not go to bed alone;
Sometimes would on the music play,
Or *Putt*, to pass the time away;
Sometimes to ravish'd clowns would speak
Mouthfuls of *Latin*, and of *Greek*,

His logick shew and claffick knowledge,
 And tell of merry freaks at college ;
 Play with the louts at *Christmas* games,
 And in their absence — with their dames.
 For wary *Clerks* learn all these arts
 To gain esteem, and conquer hearts.

It chanc'd, as old traditions say,
 That on a certain holiday,
 The Squire, designing to carouze,
 Some friends invited to his house ;
 Among the rest, as was most fitting,
 To sanctify the merry meeting,
 The Parson, if we credit fame,
 Was sent for, and *precisely* came.

Supper now waited on the board,
 The guests stand round, and at the word,
 Sir *Roger*, with a solemn face,
 Held forth his hat, and ton'd a grace ;
 He said, and hemming thrice aloud,
 Sat down, and venerably bow'd.

Plain, not luxurious, was the feast,
 But what a gen'rous heart confests'd ;
 First, on the dish sublimely rear'd,
 The famous *British loin* appear'd,
 Whose worth our loftiest praise deserves,
 Great builder of the warrior's nerves !
 Two turkies next the footman bore,
 Which lately gobbled at the door !
 But oh ! how very short their span !
 Unhappy fowls ! the food of man !

The

THE BOTTLE-SCREW.

7

The careful matron, from whose hand
To peck the grain they wont to stand,
From weeping scarcely could refrain,
To see her pretty poultry slain.
The feast a dish of wild-fowl crown'd,
Which on the neighb'ring woody ground,
The Squire himself had lately kill'd,
A sportsman, most exactly skill'd;
Full oft, unerring from afar,
Forth trudg'd he to the sylvan war,
In search of foes, with ruthless mind,
Dreaded by all the feather'd kind,
For let 'em that way fly or this,
Seldom the Squire was known to miss.

Thus far premis'd, 'tis now high time
To check our long-digressing rhyme,
The task intended to pursue,
And of our tale resume the clue;
Wherefore the supper now was over,
And *Thomas* brought up the *October*;
The hoary bottle seem'd to tell,
That all within was ripe and well;
When, studious to extract the cork,
Sir *Roger* set his teeth to work;
This way and that the cork he ply'd,
And wrench'd in vain from side to side;
In vain his ivory grinders strain'd,
For still unmov'd the cork remain'd;
And as a chieftain stout in fight
Exerts his utmost warlike might,

Loth to desert his destin'd post,
 And see his ravish'd honours lost,
 So did the cork maintain the field,
 And scorn'd to human force to yield;
 Still kept the feat, each shock repress'd,
 Which in the cellar it possess'd.
 At length, enrag'd with foul defeat,
 The *Levite* burn'd with fiercer heat,
 And grown by thirst more valiant far,
 He meditates a second war;
 Firm on the spongy cork he plac'd
 His doubty thumb, and downward press'd
 The yielding wood; — but oh! dire luck!
 Fast in its place his own thumb stuck.
 Loudly the pleas'd spectators laugh'd,
 With pain and shame the Parson chaf'd;
 Long did he strive, with adverse fate,
 His captive thumb to extricate,
 Nor could his liberty regain,
 Till hammer broke the glassy chain;
 Leave to withdraw the Priest desir'd,
 And bowing, sullenly retir'd.

Homewards with flying steps he sped,
 Smoak'd half a pipe, and went to bed,
 Where pond'ring for a while he lay
 On the miscarriage of the day;
 At length the shades of sleep arise,
 And gently seal his closing eyes: !
 Now, thro' the gloom of pitchy night,
 There stood presented to his sight,

Or seem'd to stand, the God of Wine,
 Known by his *Thyrus* and his vine,
 Which clust'ring round his ample head,
 His broad impurpled cheeks o'erspread ;
 This hand a *Cork-Screw* did contain,
 And that a bottle of *Champaign* ;
 He sat majestick 'cross his tun,
 And said, " Hail ! dearest, rev'rend son,
 " Whose *bulky paunch* and *rosy face*,
 " Proclaim thee of the toping race ;
 " Behold in me thy darling god,
 " At whose imperial, awful nod,
 " Immortal deities get drunk,
 " And lewdly rave for mortal punk,
 " Your grosser flesh and blood put on,
 " And tread on solid nerves and bone,
 " Scorn their own thin, unbody'd dames,
 " And scorch in sensual human flames,
 " For *we*, to give mankind their due,
 " Love a *tid-bit*, as well as you..
 " Last night (for we above, you know,
 " See all things that are done below)
 " I saw thy conscious shame and grief,
 " And come to minister relief ;
 " For lo ! this crooked instrument
 " All future mischief shall prevent."

Thus, with a smile, kind *Bacchus* spoke,
 And in his hand the weapon took,
 He slipt it o'er his finger-joint,
 And to the cork apply'd the point ;

Gently he turn'd it round and round,
 Till in the midst its spires were wound,
 Then, bending earthward low, betwixt
 His knees the bottle firmly fixt,
 And, giving it a sudden jerk,
 From its close prison wrench'd the cork :
 The wine now issu'd at command,
 When, with a bumper in his hand,
 " Your health, Sir *Roger*," quoth the god ;
 Sir *Roger* gave a reverend nod,
 In a full brimmer pledg'd his guest,
 And gravely toasted — to the *best*.
 They chat together, drink and fill,
 And like two inkle-weavers swill,
 'Till both begin to hang the lip,
 See double, stare like pigs, and clip ;
 Then hugging, take a parting glass,
 (But *dream-wife* all this came to pass)
 His deity reel'd home to heav'n,
 And master *Roger* wak'd at *sev'n*.

Up straight he got, in joyous haste,
 And recollecting what had pass'd,
 How with a god he spent the night,
 His heart exalted with delight ;
 Each circumstance, their talk, their wine,
 Prov'd his late visiter divine,
 The thought of which celestial favour
 Gave a new turn to his behaviour,
 Wore off the gloom of last night's spleen,
 Intent to form the new machine.

But

But first, to his nocturnal guest,
This short petition he address'd :
" Thrice honour'd pow'r ! whose drunken sway
" The jovial sons of earth obey,
" If yet the racy fumes are fled,
" Which seiz'd last night thy gracious head,
" The hint, which then you kindly gave,
" Accomplish, and oblige your slave.
" For the great work my arm inspire,
" To bend aright the stubborn wire,
" To grind the edge, no easy thing,
" And for the finger shape the ring ;
" So, yearly, at thy hallow'd shrine,
" I'll sacrifice a tun of wine."

He spoke, and, with his lifted eyes,
Saw the god posting from the skies.

Now to the mighty task he sets
His hands, and o'er the anvil sweats,
First puts the iron in the fire,
And hammers out the glowing wire,
Then tortures it in curls around,
As tendrils on the vine are found ;
Sharpens the bottom, rounds the top,
And, finish'd, bears it from the shop ;
Well-pleas'd, a *Bottle-Screw* he names it,
And sacred to the god proclaims it.

This curious engine, says the Priest,
Shall stretch my fame from West to East ;
Me the fox-hunting, tipling Squire,
And punning Curate shall admire ;

12. WARNING TO YOUNG MARRIED MEN.

Me shall the raking Templar praise,
And altars to my glory raise;
When privately he treats his whore,
And this fam'd *Screw* secures the door.
By me shall *Birmingham* become,
In future days, more fam'd than *Rome*,
Shall owe to me her reputation,
And serve with *Bottle-Screws* the nation.



WARNING to young married MEN.

A T A L E.

By Mr. *A M H U R S T*.

WHILOM, in *Kent*, there liv'd a jolly swain,
Young *Colinet*, the genius of the plain;
Sonnets he wrote, could sing and whistle well,
Crack witty jokes, and merry stories tell;
At wake and weddings always led the dance,
And drew from every lass the wishful glance;
Courteous he was, and skilful to persuade;
Soon to his lures he won the parson's maid;
He married, and (O mournful to relate!)
Grew a meer tyrant in the nuptial state;
Assum'd dominion o'er his trembling wife,
And prov'd a very husband all his life;
No more, as once, he charm'd her list'ning ear,
Call'd her no more, *my honey*, and *my dear*;

WARNING TO YOUNG MARRIED MEN. 13

But daily, from his work returning home,
 With dreadful oaths and curses shook the room;
 To ev'ry humble question he'd reply,
 You saucy bitch, G-d d--n you, what care I?
 No answer wou'd the frowning churl afford,
 But snapt the woman short at ev'ry word;
 When to the alehouse, from his pipe and pot,
 She came to fetch the drunken midnight sot;
 " *Out of the house,*" he cry'd, " *be gone! away!*"
 And reeling, stammer'd in her ears, " *obey!*"
 Then shook the crab-tree cudgel in his hand,
 The well-known ensign of his stern command.
 Tired at length with this vexatious course,
 And finding ev'ry day that it grew worse,
 She vow'd, grown desp'rate, to revenge her wrong,
 And bear no longer what she bore so long;
 To a brisk neigh'ring barber she apply'd;
 " *With all my heart,*" the gallant barber cry'd:
 Now whilst abroad the tyrant-bumpkin roams,
 With silent haste the watchful lecher comes;
 Her welcome guest the injur'd wife receives,
 And for politer work her *spinning* leaves;
 Up stairs she leads him, springs into his arms,
 And, fir'd with transport, opens all her charms.
 " *Now Colly, triumph now,*" in scorn she said,
 " *Proud of the honours that adorn thy head.*"
 Three times the pleasing vengeance they repeat,
 And with becoming horns the *Brute* compleat.

CHAND

THE

THE PARSON AND MAID;

O R,

COLLIN in the APPLE-TREE.

A T A L E.

IN *Oxfordshire*, as stories go,
 I can't tell whether true or no;
 But true or false, or new, or old,
 You have it just as I was told;
 There liv'd a swain of low degree,
 (Yet with contentment blest, and free)
 In a small cottage of his own,
 Some distance from the noisy town.---
 But ere I any farther go,
 'Twill proper be to let you know,
 Four cows his number were (I ween)
 That us'd to graze upon the green;
 But some sly thief, as people say,
 In dead of night stole one away;
 Or else, by chance, she went astray:
 But stol'n or stray'd, it matters none,
 'Twas plain to him his cow was gone.

Poor *Collin* went, resolv'd with speed,
 To find her out, alive or dead.
 With that he travell'd, but in vain,
 Thro' ev'ry pasture, field, and lane.

O'er

O'er hedge and ditch his cow he fought,
Till to an orchard he was brought ;
Where fruit, of most delicious taste,
The laden boughs alluring grac'd.

Says *Coll'*, they're pleasant to the sight,
But pleasanter by far to bite ;
With that (assur'd that none cou'd see)
He instantly climb'd up the tree.

Five minutes scarce had he been there,
Before a parson did appear,
Attended by a comely lass,
Who featly tripp'd it o'er the grass ;
And just beneath that self-same tree,
(Where *Collin* could both hear and see)
The parson with the pretty maid
Sat down together in the shade.

" My bashful muse would here have done,
" But truth commands, she must go on."

The parson,---if I tell it must,
Was flesh and blood as well as us ;
A thousand loving words express'd,
Her snowy bosom kiss'd and press'd,
Then laid his hand,---I say not where,
Let *Collin*, not the muse, declare ;
Crying, my love, what do I feel !
My dear, I must---ring love's first peal.

Quoth she, I know not what you mean,
And I'm afraid we shall be seen---
Besides---a man, Sir, of your cloth !
'Twill bring a curse upon us both !

The cloth ! said he,---then let it go,
 There's not a priest but will do so.
 With that he caught her in his arms,
 And rifled all her blooming charms.

This peal being o'er with kisses sweet,
 He did a second peal repeat,
 While *Coll'* sat silent in the tree ;
 Ye Gods ! what sights were there to see !
 Such tickling, toying, kissing, pressing,
 The pleasures they were both possessing,
 Are past a mortal's tongue expressing.
 Then tir'd, awhile they panting lie,
 Till some kind pow'rs new life supply ;
 His spirits quickly rose agen,
 And then the parson wou'd---toll in.
 Their pastime now being almost o'er,
 The parson he could ring no more ;
 But said, love, since our pleasures done,
 I'll see the place whence it begun :
 Thus said, and rising off the ground,
 He view'd her lovely person round ;
 With ev'ry hidden charm beside—
 Whilst thus the damsel, smiling, cry'd,
 Pray, Sir, since you so free have been,
 Inform me truly what you've seen.
 Seen, child ! (he answer'd with a sneer)
 Why I've seen all the world, my dear !
 Then, Sir, cries *Collin*, on the bough,
 Pray tell me if you've seen my cow ?

THE CAPTAIN AND SAILOR.

17

The parson started with surprize,
And up the tree he cast his eyes—
Then faintly cry'd, 'twixt hope and fear,
Pray, Sir, how long have you been there?
Says *Coll'*, shou'd I the truth reveal,
Is here before you rung a peal.

Come down, my friend, the parson said,
And that the same may ne'er be spread,
This purse of yellow shining ore
Be thine—be sure you say no more.
Coll' took the money, well content,
Forgot his cow, and home he went.



THE CAPTAIN AND SAILOR.

A T A L E.

AS *John*, the sailor, and his lass,
One morn were tripping o'er the grass,
To gather *White-Thorn*, as they say,
It being on the first of *May*,
They did a jolly captain meet,
And courteously each other greet.
First, *John* the sailor touch'd his hat,
The captain bow'd, began to chat,
Saying, *John*, pray how came this to pass?
Where pick'd you up this comely lass,

With

18 THE CAPTAIN AND SAILOR.

With rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
Those snowy breasts that fall and rise,
Tempting to some more secret bliss ?
Oh ! *John*, I must,--- must have a kiss ;
And you, whene'er you meet my dame,
Shall welcome be to do the same.

Now some days after, being fair,
The captain walk'd to take the air ;
Led in his hand his comely bride,
Which luckily young *Johnny* spy'd ;
And bowing said, Sir, you know what,
I hope you ha'n't your word forgot ?
No, *John*, (he answer'd) by my life,
'Tis your turn now,---see here's my wife.
John smiling, cock'd his hat aside,
And boldly kiss'd the captain's bride,
Crying, ye Gods ! I'd give a crown,
Had he but laid my *Nancy* down.
What then (quoth madam) would you do ?
Why, we'd have had a tumble too.



THE MIDNIGHT STUDENT ;

O R,

The CURATE's WIFE SERV'D.

A · T A L E.

DO what you can, a woman still
 (The proverb says) must have her will,
 Or fraud or cunning will prevail,
 Where kind entreaties ever fail.

A country priest, of studious life,
 Just turn'd of thirty, took a wife,
 The girl full nineteen years had tarry'd,
 Too long, alas ! before she marry'd.
 The nuptial-day in mirth was spent,
 At early eve to bed they went ;
 He look'd next morn' a little dull,
 She blush'd and simper'd like a fool :
 Hence Physiognomists could tell,
 That, so far, matters had gone well ;
 And ev'ry day and ev'ry night,
 All, for a month, went pretty right.

From that time, matrons give report,
 Things seem'd a little out of sort ;
 Whene'er, amongst tea-table chat,
 Her neighbours talk of this and that,
 She brought it sily round about,
 Her spouse's *foible* should come out ;

What

What pretty woman could endure it,
 From such a handsome, jolly curate ?
 To love her close for e'er, the prest him,
 And morning, noon, and night carefs'd him :
 He told her often 'twas in vain
 To teize, for kissing hurt the brain ;
 Forbid to hug him like a leach,
 For if he kifs'd, he could not preach.

As some endearments would not do,
 Another way she brought him to ;
 'Tis said, the parson could indite
 His sermons best, at dead of night,
 And, when he us'd from sleep to wake,
 Would give the fair a rousing shake ;
 " Wife, I've a thought exceeding bright !
 " Rise, presently, and strike a light."

So said, so done ; whene'er he bid it,
 Obediently, she rose and did it ;
 Lean'd at his pillow with the taper,
 While he committed pen to paper :
 Then both laid down ; he took a snore,
 And thought again, in half an hour ;
 Again, the fair unseals her eyes,
 To gratify his whim and rise.
 Did e'er before deserving beauty,
 Contented, drudge at such hard duty ?
 One night he pull'd her by the arm,
 And gave the usual rude alarm :
 She yawn'd and stretch'd, " Wake, wake, my dear,
 " (He cries !) why, sure, you cannot hear ?"

She

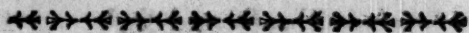
She flings her arm across his neck,
 And lays her lips upon his cheek ;
 Sighs deep : yet seems but half awake,
 Till pinch'd, and so constrain'd to speak,
 She mutters out, ' Excuse me now ;
 ' 'Tis cold ; --- you're quite unkind, I vow.'
 Aloud he bawls ; " For half a crown,
 " I wou'dn't, child, but sit it down !"
 ' La la !' (she answers) and, with that,
 She taps his gentle cheek a pat,
 ' I wont, unless you'll—so and so.'
 " So ! how ?" (he cries) ---- ' Why, don't you
 know ?' ---

" Pish ! afterwards, perhaps I may." ---
 ' But *first* !' --- " Pooh ! huffey, can't you stay ?"
 She cuddles nearer to his face,
 And warms the clod with an embrace ;
 No longer, now, resist he cou'd,
 Tho' cold, he yet was flesh and blood,
 And, therefore, did---whate'er she wou'd.

She kept her word, the candle brought,
 But, then he had forgot his thought :
 He shakes his head ; proceeds to schooling,
 " You see, my dove, what comes of fooling !"
 She stops his progress, ' Ay, my dear ;
 ' But next time, we'll take better care :
 ' You shall reveal your thoughts to me,
 ' And charge 'em to my memory ;
 ' I'll mind 'em, while we do that same,
 * Or else be bound to bear the blame.'

22. SWIFT'S VERSES ON HIS DEATH.

In vain he ply'd the female fox
With reasons strongly orthodox;
She prov'd, what acts of married life
Were orthodox in man and wife:
The parson in the strife was foil'd,
And soon the dame was big with child.
This teaches neighbour, friend and brother,
That one good turn deserves another.



SWIFT'S VERSES ON HIS OWN DEATH.

OCCASIONED BY HIS READING THE FOLLOWING MAXIM IN ROCHFOLCAULT.

"In the adversity of our best friends, we find something that doth not displease us."

AS Rochfoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe 'em true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends
"We first consult our private ends,
"While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
"Points out some circumstance to please us."

If

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold, with envious eyes,
Our equal rais'd above our size;
Who wou'd not, at a crowded show,
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you,
But wou'd not have him stop my view;
Then let me have the higher post;
I ask but for an inch at most.

If, in a battle you should find,
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroick action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won!
Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
Wou'd you not wish his laurels cropp'd?

Dear honest *Ned* is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to see
His brethren write as well as he?
But rather than they should excel,
He'd wish his rivals all in hell.

Her end, when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human kind! fantastick race!
Thy various follies, who can trace?

Self-love,

24 SWIFT'S VERSES ON HIS DEATH

Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.
 Give others riches, power, and station,
 'Tis all to me an usurpation.

I have no title to aspire:
 Yet when you sink, I seem the higher.
 In *Pope*, I cannot read a line,
 But, with a sigh, I wish it mine:
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in fix,
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, pox take him and his wit.

Why must I be out-done by *Gay*,
 In my own hum'rous biting way?

Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
 Who dares to irony pretend;
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.

St. *John*, as well as *Pultney*, knows
 That I had some repute for prose;
 And, till they drove me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortify'd my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside,
 If with such talents heav'n hath blest 'em,
 Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear fortune, send
 Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
 I tamely can endure the first,
 But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus

Thus much may serve by way of proem ;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die ;
When I foresee my special friends,
Will try to find their private ends :
Tho' it is hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good ;
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :

“ See, how the dean begins to break !
“ Poor gentleman ! he droops apace ;
“ You plainly find it in his face.
“ That old vertigo in his head
“ Will never leave him, till he's dead.
“ Besides, his memory decays,
“ He recollects not what he says :
“ He cannot call his friends to mind ;
“ Forgets the place, where last he din'd :
“ Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;
“ He told 'em fifty times before.
“ How does he fancy we can sit
“ To hear his out-of-fashion'd wit ?
“ But he takes up with younger folks,
“ Who, for his wine, will bear his jokes.
“ Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
“ Or change his comrades once a quarter :
“ In half the time, he talks them round ;
“ There must another set be found.
“ For poetry, he's past his prime,
“ He takes an hour to find a rhyme :

26 SWIFT'S VERSES ON HIS DEATH.

“ His fire is out, his wit decay’d,
 “ His fancy funk, his muse a jade :
 “ I’d have him throw away his pen ;
 “ But there’s no talking to some men.”

And, then their tenderneſs appears,
 By adding largely to my years.

“ He’s older than he would be reckon’d,
 “ And well remembers Charles the Second.
 “ He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;
 “ And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.
 “ His ſtomach too begins to fail :
 “ Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale ;
 “ But now he’s quite another thing ;
 “ I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring.”
 Then hug themſelves, and reaſon thus :
 “ It is not yet ſo bad with us.”

In ſuch a caſe they talk in tropes,
 And by their fears expreſs their hopes.
 Some great miſfortune to portend,
 No enemy can match a friend ;
 With all the kindneſs they profeſs,
 The merit of a lucky gueſs,
 (When daily howd’ye’s come of courſe,
 And ſervants answer, “ worſe and worſe !”)
 Wou’d pleaſe ’em better, than to tell,
 That, God be praiſ’d, the Dean is well.
 Then he who prophecy’d the beſt,
 Approves his foreſight to the reſt :
 “ You know, I always fear’d the worſt,
 “ And often told you ſo at firſt.”

He’d

SWIFT'S VERSES ON HIS DEATH. 27

He'd rather chuse that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretels, I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain,
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send?
What hearty prayers, that I should mend?
Enquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament if I were dead,
Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear,
For though you may mistake a year;
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verif'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!

"How is the Dean?" "He's just alive.

"Now the departing pray'r is read:

"He hardly breathes. — The Dean is dead."

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news thro' half the town has run.

"O! may we all for death prepare!

"What has he left? and who's his heir?"

"I know no more, than what the news is;

"'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses."

"To publick use! a perfect whim!

"What had the publick done for him?

"Mere envy, avarice, and pride:

"He gave it all — but first he dy'd.

28 SWIFT'S VERSES ON HIS DEATH.

" And had the Dean, in all the nation,
 " No worthy friend, no poor relation?
 " So ready to do strangers good,
 " Forgetting his own flesh and blood?"

Now *Grubstreet* wits are all employ'd;
 With elegies the town is cloy'd:
 Some paragraph in ev'ry paper,
 To curse the *Dean*, or bless the *Drap'er*.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame.

" We must confess his case was nice;
 " But he would never take advice:
 " Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
 " He might have liv'd these twenty years:
 " For, when we open'd him, we found
 " That all his vital parts were found."

From *Dublin* soon to *London* spread,
 'Tis told at court, the Dean is dead!
 Kind Lady *Suffolk*,* in the spleen,
 Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.†
 The Queen, so gracious, mild and good,
 Cries, " Is he gone? 'tis time he shou'd.

* Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of *Suffolk*, then of the bed-chamber to the Queen, professed much friendship for the *Dean*. The Queen, then Princess, sent a dozen times to the *Dean*, (then in *London*) with her commands to attend her; which at last he did, by advice of all his friends. She often sent for him afterwards, and always treated him very graciously. He taxed her with a present worth ten pounds, which she promised before he should return to *Ireland*; but, on his taking leave, the medals were not ready.

* Mary.

" He's

SWIFT'S VERSES ON HIS DEATH. 29

" He's dead, you say; why let him rot;
 " I'm glad the medals * were forgot.
 " I promis'd him, I own; but when?
 " I only was the Princess then;
 " But now, as comfort of the King,
 " You know, 'tis quite a diff'rent thing."

Now *Chartres*, at Sir *Robert's* levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
 Why, is he dead without his shoes?
 (*Cries Bob*) I'm sorry for the news:
 O, were the wretch but living still,
 And in his place my good friend *Will*!
 Or had a mitre on his head,
 Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead!

Now *Curl* his shop from rubbish drains:
 Three genuine tomes of *Swift's* remains!
 And then to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore*, and *Cibber*.
 He'll treat me, as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters;
 Revive the libels born to die;
 Which *Pope* must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent
 How those I love, my death lament.
 Poor *Pope* will grieve a month; and *Gay*
 A week; and *Arbuthnot* a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.

* The medals were to be sent to the *Dean* in four months,
 but

30 SWIFT'S VERSES ON HIS DEATH.

The rest will give a shrug, and cry,

" I'm sorry ; but we all must die ! "

Indiff'rence, clad in wisdom's guise,

All fortitude of mind supplies :

For how can stony bowels melt,

In those, who never pity felt ?

When we are last, they kiss the rod,

Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,

Are tortur'd with suspense and fear ;

Who wisely thought my age a screen,

When death approach'd, to stand between ;

The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling :

They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts

Have better learn'd to act their parts,

Receive the news in doleful dumps :

" The Dean is dead (pray what is trumps ?)

" Then, Lord have mercy on his soul !

" (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole)

" Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall,

" (I wish I knew what king to call.)

" Madam, your husband will attend

" The fun'ral of so good a friend ? "

" No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight ;

" And he's engag'd to-morrow night ;

" My Lady *Club* would take it ill,

" If he should fail her at quadrill.

" He lov'd the Dean ; (I led a heart)

" But dearest friends, they say, must part.

" His

SWIFT'S VERSES ON HIS DEATH. 31

" His time was come, he ran his race ;

" We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve, that friends should die ?

No loss more easy to supply.

One year is past ; a different scene !

No further mention of the Dean :

Who now, alas ! no more is mist,

Than if he never did exist.

Where's now this fav'rite of *Apollo* ?

Departed — *And his works must follow* :

Must undergo the common fate ;

His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country Squire to *Lintot* goes,

Enquires for *Swift* in verse and prose.

Says *Lintot*, " I have heard the name ;

" He dy'd a year ago." — " The same."

He searches all his shop in vain ;

" Sir, you may find them in *Duck Lane*.

" I sent them with a load of books,

" Last *Monday*, to the pastry-cooks.

" To fancy they could live a year !

" I find you're but a stranger here.

" The Dean was famous in his time,

" And had a kind of knack at rhyme :

" His way of writing now is past ;

" The town has got a better taste.

" I keep no antiquated stuff,

" But spick and span I have enough.

" Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em :

" Here's *Colley Cibber*'s birth-day poem.

32 SWIFT'S VERSES ON HIS DEATH.

- " This ode you never yet have seen,
 " By *Stephen Duck* upon the Queen.
 " Then, here's a letter finely penn'd,
 " Against the *Craftsman* and his friend :
 " It clearly shews, that all reflection
 " On ministers is disaffection.
 " Next, here's Sir *Robert's* vindication,
 " And Mr. *Henley's* last oration :
 " The hawkers have not got 'em yet :
 " Your honour, please to buy a set ?"
 Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the *Rose* :
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat :
 " The Dean, if we believe report,
 " Was never ill receiv'd at court :
 " Altho' ironically grave,
 " He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave."
 " Sir, I have heard another story ;
 " He was a most confounded tory ;
 " And grew, or he is much bely'd,
 " Extremely dull before he dy'd."
 " Can we the *Drapier* e'er forget ?
 " Is not our *nation* in his debt ?
 " 'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's letters* !"—
 " He shou'd have left them for his *betters* :
 " We had a hundred *abler men*,
 " Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*—
 " Say what you will about his *reading*,
 " You never can *defend* his *breeding* :
 " Who

" Who, in his *satires* running riot,
 " Could never leave the *world* in quiet ;—
 " Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
 " *Court, city, camp* ; all one to him.
 " But, why wou'd he, except he *slobber'd*,
 " Offend our *patriot*, great Sir *Robert* ?
 " Whose *councils* aid the sov'reign pow'r
 " To *save* the *nation* ev'ry hour.
 " What *scenes* of evil he unravels,
 " In *satires, libels, lying travels* !
 " Not sparing his own *clergy-cloth*,
 " But *eats* into it like a *moth* !”

" Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
 " Had too much satire in his vein ;
 " And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 " Because no age could more deserve it.
 " Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 " Must be or *ridicul'd* or *lash'd*.
 " If you *resent* it, who's to blame ?
 " He neither knew *you*, nor your *name*.
 " Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
 " Because its owner is a Duke ?
 " His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 " Were always of the middling kind :
 " No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
 " Who fain wou'd pass for lords indeed,
 " Where titles give no right or power,
 " And peerage is a wither'd flower ;
 " He wou'd have held it a disgrace,
 " If such a wretch had known his face.

34 SWIFT'S VERSES ON HIS DEATH.

- " He never thought an honour done him,
 " Because a peer was proud to own him :
 " Wou'd rather slip aside, and chuse
 " To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
 " Despis'd the fools with stars and garters,
 " So often seen caressing *Chartres*.
 " With princes kept a due decorum ;
 " But never stood in awe before 'em.
 " He follow'd *David's* lesson just :
 " In *princes* never put thy trust :
 " And, would you make him truly sour,
 " Provoke him with a slave in power."
 " Alas, poor *Dean* ! his only scope
 " Was to be held a *Misanthrope*.
 " This into gen'ral *odium* drew him,
 " Which if he lik'd, *much good may do him* !
 " His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
 " But, *discontent* against the times :
 " For, had we made him *timely* offers
 " To raise his *post*, or fill his *coffers*,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other *brethren* of his gown :
 " For *party* he would scarce have bled ;—
 " I say no more — because he's *dead*." —
 " What *writings* has he left behind ? —
 " I hear, they're of a different kind :
 " A few, in *verse* ; but most, in *prose*. —"
 " Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose :—
 " All scribbled in the *worst* of times,
 " To palliate his friend *Oxford's* crimes ;

" To

- " To praise Queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her,
 " As never fav'ring the *Pretender* : —
 " Or *libels* yet conceal'd from light,
 " Against the *court* to shew his *spite* ;
 " Perhaps, his *travels*, *part the third*,
 " A *lye*, at ev'ry *second* word :
 " Offensive to a *loyal* ear : —
 " But — *not one sermon*, you may *swear*."
 " As for his works, in verse or prose,
 " I own myself no judge of those.
 " Nor can I tell what criticks thought 'em,
 " But this I know, all people bought 'em ;
 " As with a moral view design'd,
 " To *please*, and to *reform* mankind !
 " And, if he often miss'd his aim,
 " The *world* must own it, to their *shame*,
 " The *praise* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*.
 " He gave the little wealth he had,
 " To build a house for fools and mad ;
 " To shew, by one satyric touch,
 " No nation wanted it so much :
 " And since you dread no farther *lashes*,
 " Methinks you may forgive his *ashes*."



WORK FOR A COOPER.

A T A L E.

By Mr. G A R.

A Man may lead a happy life,
 Without the needful thing a wife :
 This long have lusty abbots known,
 Who ne'er knew spouses——of their own.

What, though your house be clean and neat,
 With couches, chairs, and beds compleat ;
 Though you each day invite a friend,
 Though he should every dish commend ;
 On *Bagshot-heath* your mutton fed,
 Your fowls at *Brentford* born and bred ;
 Though purest wine your cellars boast,
 Wine worthy of the fairest toast,
 Yet there are other things requir'd :
 Ring, and let's see the maid you hir'd. —
 Bless me ! those hands might hold a broom,
 Twirl round a mop, and wash a room :
 A batchelor his maid should keep,
 Not for that servile use to sweep ;
 Let her his humour understand,
 And turn to ev'ry thing her hand.
 Get you a lass that's young and tight,
 Whose arms are, like her apron, white ;
 What though her shift be seldom seen ?
 Let that, though coarse, be always clean ;

She

She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wrist your ruffle mend;
Then if you break a roguish jest,
Or squeeze her hand, or pat her breast,
She cries, oh dear, fir, don't be naught!
And blushes speaks her last night's fault.
To her your household cares confide,
Let your keys jingle at her side,
A footman's blunders tease and fret ye,
Ev'n while you chide you smile on *Betty*.
Discharge him then, if he's too spruce,
For *Betty's* for his master's use.

Will you your am'rous fancy baulk,
For fear some prudish neighbours talk?
But you'll object, that you're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid;
Besides, your wiser heads will say,
That she who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your silver spoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled jade
More need to learn the pilf'ring trade?
For love all *Betty's* wants supplies,
Laces her shoes, her manteau dyes;
All her stuff-suits she flings away,
And wears thread-sattin ev'ry day.

Who then a dirty drab would hire,
Brown as the hearth of kitchen-fire!
When all must own, were *Betty* put
To the black duties of a slut,

As well she scow'rs or rubs a floor,
And still is good for something more.

Thus, to avoid the greater vice,
I knew a priest, of conscience nice,
To quell his lust for neighbour's spouse,
Keep fornication in his house.

But you're impatient all this time,
Fret at my counsel, curse my rhyme :
Be satisfy'd, I'll talk no more,
For thus my tale begins. — Of yore
There dwelt at *Blois* a priest full fair,
With rolling eye and crisped hair ;
His chin hung low, his brow was sleek,
Plenty lay basking on his cheek ;
Whole days at cloister-gates he sat,
Ogled, and talk'd of this and that
So feelingly, the Nuns lamented
That double bars were e'er invented.
If he the wanton wife confess
With down-cast eye and heaving breast,
He stroak'd her cheeks to still her fear,
And talk'd of sins *en Cavalier*.
Each time enjoin'd her penance mild,
And fondled o'er her like his child.
At ev'ry jovial gossip's feast
Pere Bernard was a welcome guest ;
Mirth suffer'd not the least restraint,
He could at will shake off the saint :
Nor frown'd he when they freely spoke,
But shook his sides, and took the joke :

Nor

Nor fail'd he to promote the jest,
And shar'd the sins which they confess.

Yet that he might not always roam,
He kept conveniences at home.
His maid was in the bloom of beauty,
Well-limb'd for ev'ry social duty ;
He meddled with no household cares,
To her consign'd his whole affairs ;
She of his study kept the keys,
For he was studious — of his ease :
She had the power of all his locks,
Could rummage ev'ry chest and box.
Her honesty such credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the cellar was restrain'd.

In troth, it was a goodly show,
Lin'd with full hogheads all a-row ;
One vessel from the rank remov'd,
Far dearer than the rest he lov'd,
Pour la bonne bouche, 'twas set aside,
To all but choicest friends deny'd.
He now and then would send a quart,
To warm some wife's retentive heart,
Against confession's fullen hour ;
Wine has all secrets in its power.
At common feasts it had been waste,
Nor was it fit for Layman's taste ;
If Monk or Friar were his guest,
They drank it, for they know the best.
Nay, he at length so fond was grown,
He always drank it when—alone.

Who

Who shall recount his civil labours,
 In pious visits to his neighbours ?
 Whene'er weak husbands went astray,
 He guest their wives were in the way ;
 'Twas then his charity was shown,
 He chose to see them when alone.

Now was he bent on cuckoldom :
 He knew friend *Dennis* was from home ;
 His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
 Defrauded of a husband's duty)
 Had often told him at confession,
 How hard she struggled 'gainst transgression.
 He now resolves, in heat of blood,
 To try how firm her virtue stood.
 He knew that wine (to love best aid)
 Has oft' made bold the shamefac'd maid,
 Taught her to romp, and take more freedoms,
 Than nymphs train'd up at *Smith's* or *Needham's*.

A mighty bottle straight he chose,
 Such as might give two Friars their dose ;
Nannette he call'd : the cellar-door
 She strait unlocks, descends before :
 He follow'd close ; but when he spies
 His fav'rite cask ; with lifted eyes
 And lifted hands, aloud he cries,
 Heigh-day ! my darling wine astoop !
 It must, alas ! have sprung a hoop.
 That there's a leak, is past all doubt,
 (Reply'd the maid)—I'll find it out.

She

She sets the candle down in haste,
Tucks her white apron round her waist,
The hoghead's mouldy fides ascends,
She straddles wide, and downward bends :
So low she stoops to see the flaw,
Her coats rose high, her master saw——
I see—he cries—(then clasp'd her fast)
The leak through which my wine has past.
Then all in haste the maid descended,
And in a trice the leak was mended.
He found in *Nannette* all he wanted,
So *Dennis'* brows remain'd unplanted.

E'er since this time all lusty Friars
(Warm'd with predominant desires,
Whene'er the flesh with spirit quarrels)
Look on the sex as leaky barrels.
Beware of these ye jealous spoufes,
From such like coopers guard your houses ;
For if they find not work at home,
For jobs through all the town they roam.



The RETURN from WINDSOR FAIR.

A DIALOGUE.

IN new straw hats, and cleanest gowns,
 A crowd of lasses with their clowns,
 Who also were as finely drest,
 Both in their newest and their best,
 But awkward in their clothes and gaits,
 The gloss upon their coats and hats,
 Looking, whenever still they stood,
 Like clumsy figures carv'd in wood;
 From seeing shows, and drinking ale,
 And gnawing gingerbread quite stale;
 From buying topknots, buckles, rings,
 Drums, babies, rattles, and such things;
 At night as to their homes they walk'd,
 'Twas thus they play'd, and thus they talk'd,

Tom. Well overtaken, how do ye do?
 And how is't *Harry*? how is't *Sue*?

Susan. I thank you, *Thomas*—how do you?
 What—I suppose you've been at fair?

Tom. Yes, and I've sold the old grey mare.

Harry. Good lack! and pray what mought she
 bring?

Tom. Why ---- three pound ten, or some such
 thing.

Hog-flesh was mighty dear to-day;
 I heard old *Richard Harrow* say,

(As

(As he stood chewing of some figs)
He'd bought a fow, and seven pigs ;
And what d'you think he gave the chap ?

Harry. Why —————

I can't say what — two pound mayhap.

Tom. Two guineas, and a pint of beer :

Harry. Nay, then they are confounded dear.

Tom. What --- *you* have been at fair, too, *Molly* ?
And how does little pretty *Dolly* ?

Doll. Let me alone — don't be so teasing ;
You're always rumpling one, and squeezing.

John. At her again, *Tom*, — never mind her ;
I'll have at *Susan* here behind her.

Susan. Be quiet *Jan* — these sawcy loobies
Are always feeling of one's bubbies.

Harry. Nay — now if you're at this vagary,
I'll e'en have one fly bout with *Mary*.

Mary. Pshaw — Pish — You're all grown
perfect goats ;
Don't thrust your hand so up my coats.

Tom. Did you see *Patty* with her belly ?

Susan. Ah, she's a good one, let me tell ye.

Doll. Why, --- fure she can't have long to go ?

Mary. I can't tell that, but this I know,
To-day she was at puppet-show
With *William*, whom, I think, she'd rather
Of the two to be the father ;
Tho' at the justice's, I learn,
She swore *Ned* got it in a barn :

Poor

44 RETURN FROM WINDSOR FAIR.

Poor fellow, he is like to pay.

Susan. Is't true? — I heard our gammer say,
That *Robin Spade* was run away. }

Tom. He dud — but now he's out of pain —
She fwearing so, he's come again.

Doll. I vow I'm sorry for poor *Ned*,
An honest lad as e'er broke bread.

Mary. Pooh — lord — nay — fie now, prithee,
Harry,

Can't you be easy till you marry?

Harry. You're just like any girl at school.

Mary. You're always playing of the fool.

Doll. I met to-day with a mishap; —
I'd bought an edging for a cap,
And put it in my bosom safe,
When on a sudden up comes *Ralph*;
Who says, I'm glad to see thee, *Dolly*,
Did you meet any where with *Molly*?
No, says I, *Ralph* — I cannot tell,
Is n't she yonder at the *Bell*?
I says no more, but comes my way,
And saw the folks at cudgel-play;
I stay'd me there 'bout half an hour —
Mayhap it mought be somewhat more:
Who should stand by me but our *Nan*;
When up there comes a handsome man;
A lovelier, jollier man, I say,
One shall not see in summer's day;
He looks hard at us — by and by,
He comes and stands 'twixt *Nan* and I,

While

While *Ben* at cudgel-play was beat'n,
 (I cracking nuts, and staring at'n :)
 He whips his hand quite round my waist,
 Then kifs'd my lips, and held me fast :
 I being in this ugly case,
 Hit him a deuced slap o'th' face.
 With that the staring, gaping crowd,
 All clapp'd their hands, and laugh'd aloud ;
 He then did soon let go his hold,
 But was so impudent and bold,
 To thrust his hand quite down my stays ; —
 And then he laugh'd, and went his ways.

Susan. Let me alone, *Jan* — prithee, will ye?
 Don't pull me so — don't be so silly.

Doll. And so, as I before was saying,
 They had no sooner done their playing,
 Who shou'd I meet but *Betty Haycock*,
 Walking about with *Patty Laycock*.

Mary. Be quiet, can't you? how you haul —

Harry. Lord a mercy how you bawl !
 One cannot touch you, but you squall. }

Doll. I thought no more on't, no not I,
 Than of the hour I was to die ;
 So, says I, — *Betty*, how does *Kit* ?
 And how does *Patty's* little chit ?
 Says *Pat*, I left my little *Bobby*,
 Riding about upon his hobby.
 O dear, says I, and can he walk ?
 And does he now begin to talk ?

Says

46 RETURN FROM WINDSOR FAIR.

Says *Pat*, he often cries out, ah!

Stretches his hands, and says, dad-da!

Says I, again, I wish you joy;

I swear it is a lovely boy.

Pray what's become of *Katty Stone*?

Says *Pat*, what, is not that yet known?

Oh dear, she's had a little one.

I being but her next door neighbour,

Was sent to, and was at her labour:

When all was over I was glad,

For 'twas a grievous time she had;

Indeed she was most piteous bad.

And lord, says I, what pity 'tis!

But what does *Gaffer* say to this?

Says *Pat*, he swears *Will* shall be found,

If any where above the ground;

For as to bastards, he'll keep none,

That are not prov'd to be his own.

You know that *Joan* will marry *Peter*?

Indeed, says I, she can't do better:

He'll have, as sure as this is ground,

His mother's goods, and twenty pound,

Besides the house quite free from rent,

Which is a pretty settlement.

And how does *Furrow*? — *Furrow*! — well,

They say he's near, tho' I can't tell,

But he's, I know, upon the whole,

A chearful, merry, good old soul.

Susan. One can't be easy, that one can't;

Lord, *John*! be quiet then you shan't.

Doll.

Doll. What is't he wou'd be at there, *Sue*?
Let her alone, *Jan* — prithee do.

Susan. I think he's grown a perfect hog;
I'll break his head, a nasty dog:
He's making rattling, filly speeches,
And puts my hand into his breeches.

Doll. Don't, *Jan* — where was't I made an end?
Oh! I was talking with my friend.

So, says she, *Dick* has ta'en a trade;
He's left off hedging, and the spade.

Says I, oh! now you talk of hedging,
I bought to-day the prettiest edging —

With that I put my hand in haste
Into my stays, quite to my waist;

I feels my pockets, shakes my clothes,
But where 'twas gone, old *Harry* knows.

Now such a thing, you know, one dashes,
I'm sure I look'd as pale as ashes.

Says I, let's think where I have been,
Who is't to-day that I have seen?

Thinks I, 'tis gone, aye that's the case; —
Sure *Thomas* wou'd not be so base! —

No, he'd his hand at t'other place.
William was rude — but 'twas in jest,

Besides, he only felt my breast:
Wasn't it *Ben*? — aye — that I doubt me;

His hands were groping all about me; —
Tho't can't be him, for all folks say,

He's true, and honest as the day.

Susan.

28 RETURN FROM WINDSOR FAIR.

Susan. O lord!—why *Jan*! how rude are you!

John. Now why so loud? what is't I do?

Doll. Don't shriek so, prithee lett'n *Sue*.

Susan. You don't know what he's at, I tell ye,
He's got his hand upon my belly.

Doll. So thinking upon one and t'other,
Of *James*, and *Bob*, and *Sally's* brother,

At last I feels a smart and itching,

Just where that *rascal* had been twitching;

I mean that lusty, handsome man,

Who stood sometimes 'twixt me and *Nan*:

I then cries out, 'tis he egad,

As sure as that nine loaves are bread;

I'll forfeit else my maidenhead.

At this conclusion all the rest

Shouted, and laugh'd at such a jest.

It now was late, the night was fine,

The ground was dry, the moon did shine;

Swinging their arms, in haste they walk,

Some sing, some laugh, and others talk.

So taken up, they did not mind

That *John* and *Susan* lagg'd behind;

Who both fell to it, nothing fearing;

The rest be'ng gone quite out of hearing:

John was resolv'd to have a bout,

And *Susan* whisper'd a cry out.

Susan. Nay, fie now *Jan*, what is't you mean?

John. Lie down my girl, the ground is clean.

Susan. You're drunk I think, how rude you're
grown!

You shan't, for all you've got me down.

I'll

I'll scratch you, that I will — oh lord!

John. Now hold your tongue — don't speak a word.

Susan. Good God! what mischief are you brewing?

You woud'n't surely be my ruin?

Nay, dear now, do not *Jan*, I begs;

What is't you've got between my legs?

Oh! how you hurt me! —

John. Do not fear it.

Susan. I am not able, oh! — to bear it.

You stifle me — I'm out of breath;

You squeeze a body quite to death.

John. Lie still then, and heave up your bum:

Why don't you closer to me come?

Susan. I'll swear you are a wicked man —

I am as close as e'er I can.

But shou'd you now prove faithless, *Jan*?

Make haste, suppose we should be found

In this same posture on the ground?

O! now — my dear — come close — my treasure,

Oh lord! — you kill me — quite — with — pleasure,

The lovers lay a-while quite hush'd,

Then rose, *John* grinn'd, and *Susan* blush'd;

She puts to rights her clothes, and cap,

Not thinking of an after-clap;

For when he laid her on the green,

'Twas in a spot the most unclean;

So, in the doing of the knack,

There stuck a cow-turd on her back.

50 RETURN FROM WINDSOR FAIR.

John button'd up, and wip'd his face,
Which done, they both walk'd on a-pace;
They trudge along, such haste they make,
That soon the rest they overtake.

So when they were together met,
Seeing them both in such a sweat,
Their shouting I shall ne'er forget.

But when they saw the sheepish lout-herd,
And *Susan's* back bedaub'd with cow-turd,
Their laugh was louder than at first,
I thought indeed they wou'd have burst.

They held their sides at such a sight,
Nor cou'd they hold themselves upright;
But stoop'd, and when they would have spoke,
A loud horse-laugh their words did choke.
But when they'd finish'd this uproar,
And laugh'd until their sides were sore,
Each one had something smart to say,
And thus they jeer, and keep their way.

Harry. Why *Jan* — thou look'st a little blue.

Mary. Ay, by my troth — and so does *Sue*.

Methought they stay'd a plaguy while —

Doll. *Jan* help'd her over yonder stile.

Mary. I'm sure we've walk'd since that a mile.

Susan. Nay, mistress *Mary*, you have need,
Of all folks, make this rout, indeed!

Pray hold your tongue, and don't you chatter,
Who stay'd?—And what pray was the matter,
When you and *Harry* stopt to water?

Now

RETURN FROM WINDSOR FAIR. 51

Now *Jan* and I are not so fond,
We only stay'd at that same pond,
That lies this side of yonder spittle,
To see the moon there dance a little.

Tom. *Sue* laid there on her back, no doubt,
To see the moon pop in and out.

Susan. Why how now, you pert, faucy *Jack*?
Pray what's the matter with my back?

Harry. Your back!—look here—upon my word,
'Tis quite all over dirt and turd.

At this they turn her round about,
And then they give another shout.

Susan. Now look you *Jan*,—why now you see;
I said, I did so, how 'twould be;
The fool mought easily have known,
That he would daub and spoil my gown;
I scratch'd, I tore, I pray'd for love.
He'd let me go, and gav'n a shove;
So down he falls, away runs I;
Says he, I'll catch you by and by:
Do if you can, says I—then he
Flings a great cow-chip after me,
Which being something wet, came spat,
And spreads upon my shoulder flat:
Can this, says I, your fancy tickle?
You'll make me in a pretty pickle:
Then presently sows comes another,
Which stuck, as I suppose, by t'other.
And so you have it now all out:
A mighty thing to cause this rout!

52 RETURN FROM WINDSOR FAIR.

This said, she fobb'd, and wip'd an eye,
And fetch'd a sigh, and feign'd a cry.

The country girl, the city dame,
Are both alike, they're both the same.

For woman still will do the feat:

She's all a lie, she's all a cheat.

She'll say she's not so weak and frail,

Next minute she'll turn up her tail;

Then to the next that asks, forbid it,

And say, and swear she never did it:

For when she once is enter'd in,

She'll swear, and lie thro' thick and thin.

But now the village is in sight,

Where they must quickly bid good night.

A brook they pass, with weeds quite rank,

With willows growing on its bank;

Now on the bridge the men begin

To play, and push each other in;

One falls, and pulls another after,

The rest are choak'd almost with laughter:

They're in a mead, are near the houses;

Some lug along their weary spouses;

Some go before, and hoop, and hollow;

Others with sucking children follow;

One shoves and pushes 'gainst the other,

Some tumble over one another:

Some talk, some play, some kiss, some squabble,

Some run, some walk, while others hobble;

Dogs bark, hens cluck, and turkies gobble:

}
Got

Got now, 'mongst houses, cots, and ricks,
 They cease their noisy, wanton tricks ;
 And as their day of pleasure's past,
 They all agree to part at last.

But first, *Sue* halts behind some trees,
 And gives *John's* hand a gentle squeeze ;
 One takes a hug, and buss at parting,
 Another stretching, falls a farting :
 Some few among the rest are missing,
 And those behind old oaks are pissing :
 All bid good-night, and go to cottage,
 Where, after eating mels of pottage,
 Into their beds of flock they creep,
 Revolve what's past, and fall asleep.



THE SPECTACLES.

A TALE.

From *LA FONTAINE*.

IN days of yore, as authors say,
 There liv'd a spark, for am'rous play
 By nature form'd, and well I ween,
 He beardless was, and scarce eighteen,
 Which for his purpose suited well,
 As presently I mean to tell.

With nuns, well-stock'd, a convent stood,
 Just *a propos*, i'th' neighbourhood;
 He oft had view'd with longing eye,
 The holy maids as he pass'd by;
 Wou'd sometimes stop, and at the grate,
 To steal a look, whole hours wait.
 At length with dull attendance tir'd,
 With want of consummation fir'd,
 To gain his point, at once he ventur'd,
 And in disguise the *convent* enter'd:
 The *Abbess* took him for a maid:
Caletta was his name, he said;
 And then with rev'rence due he kiss'd her,
 As might become a holy sister.
 Long had he not been there I trust,
 O! dire disgrace! but out it must,
 Ere sister *Agnes* had been playing;
 'Twere better far she'd minded praying.
 But so it prov'd, and by it got —
 Perhaps the prude may ask me what?
 And tell me, that I shou'd have said,
 A woful chance befel the maid.
 Our *Agnes*, ever counted chaste,
 Grew wond'rous round about the waist;
 And in due time, as it is said,
 Of a young thing was brought to bed.
 The holy sisters in amaze,
 Did at it, as a wonder gaze:
 As well they might, nor cou'd suppose,
 From earth, as mushrooms do, it rose,

Or *manna* like, from heav'n it fell,
 Such miracles, they knew full well
 Were long time ceas'd ; tho' (as they say)
 Their *priests* work wonders to this day.
 So all determin'd, *nemine con*,
 It never could come there alone.
 Besides, if I may speak the truth,
 It much resembled this our youth.
 The *Abbes*, in a mighty passion,
 (For scolding then too was in fashion)
 Vow'd vengeance on the miscreant base,
 Who thus had scandaliz'd the place ;
 And then for sundry weighty reasons,
 Poor sister *Agnes* she imprisons.
 Next, how to find the father out,
 Began to make a mighty rout.
 The house was guarded with such care,
 The walls so high, no entrance there ;
 The nun, who kept the tour,* was old,
 And proof against the pow'r of gold.
 These things premis'd, how it cou'd be
 She wond'red much, tho' certainly,
 A man there must be in disguise,
 The which he wore to 'scape surprize ;
 Therefore at once the truth to have,
 She to the Nuns this order gave :
 " Strip every maid to find this dragon,
 " Let not a sister have a rag on."

* The tour in the *French* nunneries, is the turning box, where provisions and other necessaries are taken in.

How this command perplex'd our youth,
Fearing thereby the *naked* truth
Must be found out, you all may guess ;
The more he rack'd his brains, the less
He thought it possible, that he
Shou'd e'er escape the place scot-free.
Until at length necessity,
The mother of invention, she
Assisted him with a device,
To 'scape this scrutiny so nice,
And get clear off; it was to tie —
But, gentle reader, how shall I
My meaning modestly express,
In words so clear that you may guess,
What 'twas he ty'd, nor be mistaken,
How he contriv'd to save his bacon?
'Twill be no easy task I fear ;
But faith I'll try, so take it here.

Once on a time, as it is said,
Our bodies all were open made,
And so contriv'd that easily,
Whoever had a mind, might see
The various things that each contain'd,
Whose heart was with dishonour stain'd,
Or with deceit and flatt'ry drest,
For all was then so clear exprest,
One might discern with half an eye,
If any dar'd to hide a lye ;
And better had it been if still,
By fate's inexorable will,

Our

Our breasts thus open had remain'd ;
 Then friendship ne'er had been prophan'd,
 But every falsehood clear display'd,
 In whatsoever heart it laid ;
 Physicians too would find their end,
 It surely wou'd their judgment mend,
 As then they'd easily perceive
 What they were summon'd to relieve,
 And not as now, like blind men grope,
 Leaving their patients void of hope.
 First one they poison, then another,
 Resolv'd their want of skill to smother ;
 Had man but windows in his breast,
 He'd stand some better chance at least,
 As they cou'd not so often fail
 In their attempts. — But to my tale.

The females being most expos'd,
 Begg'd that this op'ning might be clos'd,
 Complaining that it was so wide,
 They for their souls cou'd nothing hide.
 Dame nature then, our common mother,
 Contriv'd a way to end this pother ;
 To both the sexes she bestow'd
 A lace, with which these gaps they sow'd !
 The women theirs too thick did stitch,
 And at the bottom left a nitch :
 The men were also in the wrong,
 For they the stitches made too long,
 And did not all the thong expend,
 But left a piece at nether end.

Now this is what the youth did tie ;
 The reason you may guess, for why.
 By this device all seem'd so flat,
 There was no sign of you know what ;
 But sure the thread had ne'er been able,
 (Were it compar'd in strength to cable)
 To keep confin'd that boist'rous part,
 Some how or other it must start.
 Had saints, nay angels too been there,
 The case had been the same I fear,
 When, to full view, each lovely maid,
 Stood in her birth-day suit array'd,
 With beauteous shape and graceful mien,
 As those who wait on *Cyprian* queen.
 The *Abbess* on her nose did wear,
 Of SPECTACLES, a weighty pair,
 For being old, they serv'd her now
 To search the matter thro' and thro'.
 Surrounded by her twenty nuns,
 Whose swelling breasts, like new cross buns,
 Or bladders blown by dint of wind,
 Luxuriant rose ; and you wou'd find,
 On them in fact, were trial made,
 A pea wou'd dance as on a drum-head.
 This put our youth upon the rack,
 For fear the strait-ty'd strings should crack ;
 And so they did, for at one bounce,
 Away it flew with mighty flounce,
 As when a fiery steed disdains
 To bear the yoke, and scorn the reins,

When:

When once got loose ; upright it rose,
 And struck the *Abbeſs* on the nose,
 The SPECTACLES to th' cieling threw,
 And nigh o'erturn'd the bearer too ;
 Who you may think enrag'd at this,
 A council calls, wherein it is,
 After debate, by all agreed,
 With flogging this our youth must bleed. —
 This said, they seiz'd the luckless wight,
 And 'gan to exercise their spite ;
 They ty'd him to a tree, that grew
 Within the yard, of mournful yew.
 Then went to search, with indignation,
 For instruments of flagellation.
 But fortune, who the boldest favours,
 Blasted at once their curs'd endeavours.

A lusty *miller*, on a mule,
 Came riding in — they say no fool.
 Cou'd play at coits, and cudgel well,
 Wou'd kiss a girl, but never tell.

“ Heyday !” said he, “ what have we here ?
 “ A wond'rous pretty saint I swear !
 “ But say, young man, I long to know,
 “ Which of the sisters serv'd you so ?
 “ Sure with the nuns you've been at play,
 “ And for it suffer thus to-day ;
 “ For if there's aught in strength of back,
 “ I judge you well a nun can crack.”

The youth reply'd, in mighty dudgeon,
 Thinking that now he'd catch'd a gudgeon,

- " My friend, you quite mistake the case,
 " For which I suffer this disgrace,
 " Had I with their request comply'd,
 " I never now had thus been ty'd :
 " Besides a *whipping* too I fear,
 " For being chaste — 'tis hard, I swear ;
 " Tho' must submit, howe'er it be —
 " I can't give up my chastity."

The *miller* straightway, in surprize,
 Laughing, the fast bound cords unties,
 And to the youth address'd this speech :
 " Poor, scrup'lous fool ! I'll save thy breech,
 " You'll cut no figure in this place ;
 " Were but our parson in such case
 " He'd ne'er behave, as thou hast done ;
 " Quick, tie me to the tree and run :
 " You're ignorant, I plainly see,
 " And not for business fit like me ;
 " Let all the sisters come, I warrant,
 " They shan't return without their errant."
 The youth not wanting better sport,
 Soon ty'd him fast, and scamper'd for't.

The *miller* now stark naked stood,
 In waiting for the sisterhood,
 When soon of nuns, at least a score,
 Who *rods* instead of tapers bore,
 In order came, and one and all
 Did presently to jerking fall ;
 While he provok'd, as well he might,
 Cry'd, " Softly ladies, by this light,

" You're

" You're in the wrong, I'm not that booby,

" But for the sport as fit as you be.

" You'll wonders see, if you'll but try —

" Cut both my ears off if I lye.

" I am a devil at that same ; —

" You apprehend me — guess the name.

" But in this scourging, on my soul,

" A novice quite — an arrant fool."

' A fool ?' a toothless virgin cries,

' If that's the case, we'll make you wise.

' Are you not father of the brat ? —

' For him you'll pay, besure of that."

And then to whipping fell again ;

The *miller* bellow'd out amain,

(Fearing he was not understood)

" Ladies, I'll — kifs you all by G—d !

" Then cease, dear girls," he loud did bawl,

" I'll do my best to please you all."

The more the *miller* crack'd his jokes,

The more the girls renew'd their strokes,

And flogg'd him with such dextrous art,

They made him loudly roar with smart.

While thus he underwent a whipping,

His mule upon the grass was skipping. —

No matter what became of both,

It is enough, he sav'd the youth.

And reader, say, wou'd you have been,

For *fifty* beauties, in his skin ?



LOVE

LOVE DISARM'D,

O R,

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

A T A L E.

AS truant *Cupid* on the rake,
 One night was rambling thro' the streets,
 To try what captives he could make,
 With *Chloe* and her comrades meets.

"My fair ones, whither pray so fast?"

Cries the enquiring *God of love*;

"Indeed I'll know from whence this haste,

"Before a step you further move."

Pausing a little, answer'd *Chloe*,

'Bless me! — that I shou'd be so stupid!

'If you'll go with us, we will show you,

'For, Sir, I think your name is *Cupid*.'

They all to cousin *Molly's* went,

A wanton game at romps to play;

Where *Cupid*, on a frolick bent,

Resolv'd to sport an hour away.

"But what's the game?" — "Why *blind-man's buff*;"

The chuckling, roguish *Chloe* cry'd,

"You want to laugh, we'll laugh enough:

"But then, whose *sight* shall we first hide?"

"Mine,

"Mine, mine," the eager urchin cry'd,

"Ye fair ones circle me around ;"

Then loos'd his quiver from his side,

And flung his arrows on the ground.

Quite o'er his eyes a veil they bind,

From the least glimm'ring they restrain'd him,

And made the rogue as *really* blind

As ever fabling *poets* feign'd him.

Soon as they're eager at the sport,

Designing *Chloe* slipt away,

And to LOVE's arrows had resort,

Which, scatter'd, in a corner lay.

Trembling, confus'd, all in a hurry,

The *feather'd* arrows she conceal'd :

Somewhere she hid 'em in a flurry,

But *where*, the *tale* has not reveal'd.

Then join'd in *play* : with *play* tir'd out,

Now each collects her *hood* and *fan*,

Cupid for's arrows search'd about,

And round and round the room he ran.

At length he charg'd them all with *theft*,

And *buff'd* and *swore* and made a *pothor*,

If of his shafts he was bereft,

He straight would run and tell his *mother*.

The thief unknown ; the *God of love*

The roguish *Chloe* most suspected ;

But he could nothing on her prove,

And all are *honest* till *detected*.

Cupid.

Cupid to *Venus* being come,

With tears the mournful tale related ;

“ Oh *Cupid*, *Cupid*, we're undone,

“ How ill both *you* and *I* are fated !

“ We both,” she cries, “ shall have disgrace,

“ Each beauty shall in vain lye panting ;

“ And to *platonic love* give place,

“ If now thy poignant darts are wanting.”

What's to be done in this dilemma,

Nor he, or she, cou'd tell or know;

Till blubb'ring *Cupid*, cry'd, ‘ *Dear mamma*,

‘ Let's take a warrant out for *Chloe*.’

'Tis done — next night with secret speed

They both to *Chloe*'s lodging fled,

Where soon they found the thief indeed,

For *Chloe* just had slept to bed.

Now rushing to the nymph's bed-side,

(Ill manner'd folk I do confess)

Her blushing face she strove to hide,

Whether thro' shame or guilt, you'll guess.

“ Hold up your hand” — then straightway said

To her th' offended *God of love*,

“ And hear th' indictment to you read,

“ Which we this night are come to prove.

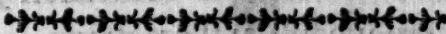
“ Your charge thus in th' indictment lies ;

“ Accus'd you stand, that having not

“ The fear of *Love* before your eyes,

“ You've all his keenest arrows got.”

At which she lifted up her head,
 And thus his charge began to jeer :
 ‘ Mean you those arrows, Sir,’ she said,
 ‘ bought my brother at the fair ?’
 With that, enrag’d, he bounc’d about,
 And search’d each place the room around ;
 The locks he broke and made a rout ;
 But still his darts could not be found.
 ‘ Now, bold intruder,’ *Chloe* said,
 ‘ I hope your satisfy’d in *me* :’
 “ Not yet,” cry’d he, — “ let’s search your *bed*,
 “ For aught we know they *there* may be.”
 With roving fingers straight he tears
 The bed clothes, which he round her gathers ;
 “ Oh cease ! Oh cease,” cries he, “ your fears,
 “ *Mamma*, I’m sure I feel their *feathers*.”



A CURE FOR LOVE.

A TALE.

By Mr. CONCANNEN.

THE fages all are much divided,
 Nor is the question yet decided,
 From whence springs love. All own its laws,
 Yet each assigns a diff’rent cause.
 Some point out wit, some point out wealth,
 Some youth and beauty, strength and health,
 Well

Well has his happy pen display'd,
 Who fatisfy'd the *curious maid*;
 Why youth in love with cruel fair,
 Look ever with a pensive air;
 What gives his heart desires to know,
 His blood to boil, his veins to glow.

Now let us make our muse confider,
 Nor can ev'n modesty forbid her,
 How her own sex, so soft by nature,
 So sweet in fymmetry and feature,
 So like their *China*, brittly ware,
 So nice, so painted, and so fair,
 Can bear to mingle with th' impure,
 Or can difsemble, to endure
 (And have done fince their kind began)
 That hideous, bearded monster, *man*.

But let us leave fcholaflick diction,
 Which none e'er carried to conviction;
 And like more modifh authors move,
 Suppofing what we cannot prove:
 Left argument fhould be too faint,
 We'll drop difpute in fable quaint;
 And by reciting fome old tale,
 Make jefts fupply when reasons fail.

Once on a time, no matter when,
 But all ftrange ftories happen'd then,
 Grown grey in thriving tricks of trade,
Plumbino liv'd, a wealthy blade,

* *Hildebrand Jacob*, Efq; author of a tale fo called. See
 Vol. I. Page 5.

Through sixty years he life had led,
And ten had mourn'd a widow'd bed ;
One only daughter blest him — " Fair ?"
Divinely so, — his fortune's heir.
As yet unripe for scenes of courting,
For she was hardly turn'd of fourteen ;
Howe'er she felt some new emotions,
Yet was but awkward in her notions.
Her pleasing pertness in behaviour,
Entirely won her father's favour ;
To others humourfome and snarling ;
But *Fanny* was his bosom's darling.
Oft would he gaze upon her face,
And ev'ry well-known feature trace :
With rapture listen to her prattling,
And learn the news of her tea-tattling,
Then, impotent his joy to smother,
Cry " Just so charming was your mother !"
Whate'er she wish'd, if she but hinted,
No pains were spar'd, no costs were stinted
To purchase it. Her education
Polite, for ev'ry foreign nation
Supply'd her fire with teachers, fit
T'improve her beauty, or her wit.
Some taught to touch the warbling string,
And some to dance, and some to sing.
Meanwhile *Plumbino*, deep-design'd,
Had higher matters in his mind ;
Nor hop'd, to crown his num'rous bounties,
Less than the title of a countess :

Nay

Nay, for a comfort to his dear,
Would have o'erlook'd a new-made peer.

How vain are all our hopes and cares,
When the main spring of our affairs,
For its just moves, depends on still
That weather-cock, a woman's will !

What guard has beauty from disasters ?

A youth there was among the masters,

Who set poor *Fanny's* heart on fire,

And fill'd it with some strange desire ;

Sprightly his mien, his face was fair,

And in smooth ringlets flow'd his hair ;

Just in the bloom of five-and-twenty,

Thro' all the fopling's tricks he went ye :

His wit but green, his nonsense mellow,

A perfect lady's pretty fellow ;

Featly he danc'd, and when he sung,

The *Sirens* warbled from his tongue :

Softly he breath'd the gentle flute,

And hated strongly to be mute :

His talk would make a wife-man sick,

'Twas as unmeaning as his music :

But *Fanny's* breast with love alarming,

Made nothing ever seem so charming.

He fill'd her thoughts ; when he was nigh,

Pleasure sat sparkling in her eye :

She sigh'd, when absent, at his name ;

And her heart flutter'd when he came.

Dull to the rest ; whate'er he taught her,

He quickly to perfection brought her ;

Of her, his art alone could boast,
 For that indeed he studied most.
 Thus went he on without designing,
 Poor Miss's quiet undermining ;
 Unmov'd, unconscious of his kind,
 As she'd been homely, or he blind.

That beauty which could not prevail,
 Now ceas'd to be ; her cheeks grew pale :
 Vapours, and qualms, and fits o'ertook her,
 And sleep, and health, and ease forsook her :
 She sigh'd, she pin'd, she wish'd, she panted,
 And dreams inform'd her what she wanted.

The Sire, who saw how matters went,
 Saw it with wond'rous discontent :
 Now cares o'erpay his former pleasures,
 For Miss has broken all his measures.
 He knew for what she did endure,
 A husband was the only cure :
 And that he must his house disparage,
 Or else precipitate her marriage.
 Well, 'tis resolv'd ; the man is chosen,
 And council ask'd of ev'ry cousin,
 For sake of form : all urge her youth —
 “ Psha ! I'll engage she'll find a tooth
 ‘ To mump on man ; — besides, he's rich ; —
 “ 'Tis better girls should smart than itch.”

At last he breaks his mind to *Fanny*,
 And tells her, that, for reasons many,
 She now must wed. — With dread affright
 She heard the news, and swoon'd outright,

She

She sunk (and 'twas a kind relief :)
 Play'd all the parts of woman's grief:
 The fainting fits, the shudd'ring fears,
 The wringing hands, the falling tears,
 And twenty other tricks in fashion,
 Till *Plum* was melted to compassion:
 And when she found his doating blindness,
 Begins to sooth him into kindness;
 Puts on a supplicating face,
 And wipes her eyes, and tells her case:
 Recites the causes of her care,
 His sprightly wit, his genteel air,
 His graceful shape, his easy gait,
 His size, that was both tall and strait. —
 ' These, Sir, are virtues; or I've mis-thought. —
 ' — He wants estate — but that's no fault. —
 Each sentence clos'd with *papa* dear;
 And now a sob, and then a tear:
 She rose to rage; — ' Let vain opinion
 ' And pride deprive you of your minion:
 ' For if things be not as I say,
 ' I'll hang myself, or run away.'
 His fondness could not bring out no,
 At length bursts out in, "Be it so. —
 " He loves you not, nor knows your love?"
 ' — No, Sir.' — "Then be at ease, my dove;
 " A fortune twice ten thousand pounds,
 " Deeper than *Cupid's* arrows wounds!
 " If that has pow'r to pierce his breast,
 " I bid thy bosom be at rest;

" For

A CURE FOR LOVE.

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“ For what are jewels, gold, and pear ?

“ What are they, if I lose my girl ?”

So said, he fought the happy youth ;

And found, acquaints him of the truth :

Propos'd the thing without apology,

The youth reply'd, ‘ I must acknowledge ye —’

— And paus'd, and hum'd, and seem'd afraid :—

“ I tell thee, man, thy fortune's made.”—

— Then thus — the honour you design'd,

‘ I own extravagantly kind ;

‘ And ne'er till now thought fortune hard ;

‘ I am — I am — an *Abelard* : *

‘ No man so sure as he who tries :

‘ Be satisfy'd, believe your eyes :

‘ This from your child I can't conceal :

‘ If yet her passion should prevail,

‘ My life, my service, and my duty,

‘ Shall be devoted to her beauty.’

Pleas'd with his open way of dealing,

In faults which he might chuse revealing,

Plumbino goes, almost content,

Provided Miss would give consent,

His destin'd hopes should not be cross'd,

Nor so much honesty be lost.

Ev'n to his door this thought pursues,

Till Miss comes big to hear the news.

The Squire's condition he defines,

First with broad hints, and then by signs ;

* An eunuch,

Which

THE INVOLUNTARY SINNERS,

Which when she would not comprehend,
He told the tale from end to end.—

“ Yet here’s no bar : — we only stay
“ Till you shall please to name the day :
“ But take some time ; consult your pillow.”
“ What ! to that odious, filthy fellow ?

“ I swear, papa, ’tis most provoking,
“ You would not find that I was joking.
“ Him I despis’d by all that’s rightful,
“ I always said he look’d so frightful :
“ I’ve learn’d enough from him before,
“ So, pray, Sir, let him come no more ; —
“ For grant I lik’d him — I’m releas’d :
“ I lov’d a *man*, but he’s a — *beast*.”



THE INVOLUNTARY SINNERS

A T A L E.

WITH grief, my friend, as well as you,
Degenerate mankind I view,
Fall’n from their ancient virtuous lives,
When due regard was paid to wives :
Each husband like a bridegroom burn’d,
Ev’n tho’ his flame was not return’d ;
And paid his nuptial dues each night,
Tho’ the cold fair refus’d her mite.

Folks

Folks sometimes sin, thro' too much zeal,
 As soon the sequel will reveal ;
 But, whatsoe'er men do amiss,
 'Tis seldom they offend in this :
 And we must own, in this our day,
 The danger's greater t'other way.

How diff'rent were the days of old,
 When swains were warm, and nymphs were cold ?
 Or cold they were, or seem'd to be,

For leaving *Cupid* in the lurch :
 All transports of a devotee

Proceed from rev'rence to the church.
 Whence, you'll reply, this long narration ? —
 I'm aiming at a reformation :

“ Examples move, where precepts fail ; ”
 Then listen, and apply the tale.

Young *Colin* liv'd a virtuous life,
 He kiss'd no creature but his wife ;
 No dove more constant to his mate,
 No sparrow lov'd at such a rate ;
 And nightly, as the night still came,
 He fail'd not to caress the dame :
 While she, reserv'd, and cross, and coy,
 Shun'd (or appear'd to shun) the joy.

One night he chanc'd so late to stay,
 Till *Phæbus* brought returning day ;
 Then home he went, or home was led,
 And found his spouse retir'd to bed :
 On her soft lips he fix'd a kiss,
 Then hasten'd to the seat of bliss.

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No limb she mov'd, no word did say,
But lifeless and regardless lay.

Colin, amaz'd to find her dumb,

(What's grief to him, were joy to some)

Cry'd, "Prithee, *Mopsa*, prithee speak,

"Indeed I'll not stay out this week :

"This fullen silence grieves me more

"Than all your chiding heretofore :

"—What ! not a word ! — I fear she's dead !"

Too true, alas ! the words he said : .

The curtains drawn, the sun reveal'd

What darkness had till then conceal'd.

Struck with amazement and surprize,

Straight to his confessor he hies ;

Tells him the horrors of the night,

And begs he'd set his conscience right ;

Declares the party was his wife,

Nor knew she was depriv'd of life ;

Yet still he felt an inward dread,

For violating thus the dead.

The priest allow'd the thing was new,

And well he wist not what to do ;

So to the conclave sent the case,

As men endu'd with greater grace.

They too declin'd a case so nice,

And crav'd his holiness' advice.

The Pope consider'd well th' affair,

Then, plac'd in apostolic chair,

With awful brow, he thus decreed :

"*Colin* from this offence is freed. —

" But

" But lest vile men in after-times,
 " Commit again such bestial crimes,
 " Or be unwittingly drawn in,
 " By froward women thus to sin,
 " It is the church's will, and mine,
 " (Till wómen shall their breath resign)
 " Whene'er mankind the *fair* embrace,
 " Without dissembling in the case,
 " *That*, be she widow, maid, or wife,
 " *She shew strong, vig'rous signs of life.*"

The priests, who take peculiar care
 T' instruct and cultivate the *fair*,
 With zeal proclaim the *Pope's* decree
 To each attentive devotee ;
 The *fair* with ease and joy obeys
 Whate'er her ghostly father says.

Thus *Colin*, from his sin reliev'd,
 A decent time for *Mopsa* griev'd :
 Till weary of a single life,
 He needs must take a second wife ;
 One not so peevish, cross, and coy,
 Who would participate his joy.
 So said, so done ; — a wife he chose,
 Juicy and young, yet one of those
 Who, fam'd for a superior zeal,
 To say her pray'rs, would lose a meal.
 Some happy months they pass'd together :
 But wedlock will have cloudy weather.
 It chanc'd, upon a market-day,
 As homeward they pursu'd their way,

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On the same horse this couple plac'd,
Her fondling arm about his waist,
Three villains met this loving pair;
They robb'd the man, — survey'd the fair; —
Then each by turns — eternal shame!
Did — what the muse forbears to name:
So pack'd her up behind her spouse,
And wish'd 'em well to their own house.

Along they trudge in piteous taking;
Judge how poor *Colin's* heart was aching!
Silent he rode: now inward groan'd,
Then knit his brows, then sigh'd, then frown'd;
Till after many miles, the fair

Address'd him thus, to ease his care:

“ Prithee, dear *Colin*, why this grief?

“ What's lost, is lost; why, hang the thief:

“ Some money's gone; — still we have more:

“ To minds content, enough in store.”

‘ Pooh!’ — *Colin* cry'd, ‘ that's not the matter;

“ Forbear your idle foolish chatter.”

“ Why scold at *me*?” reply'd the dame,

“ In what, I pray, am *I* to blame?” —

‘ Art thou so vile, so void of grace,

“ To ask that question to my face?

“ These eyes beheld it! — these two eyes!” —

“ They did,” she cry'd, “ a mighty prize!

“ Against my will the thing was done:

“ You know I shudder at a gun!

“ Nay, *you* stood very patient by;

“ *You* durst not *flir*, no more than I.”

‘ Not

- ‘ Not *stir* !’ cry’d he, ‘ ay, that’s my grief :
 ‘ Not *stir* ! — go ask each single thief,
 ‘ If any jade throughout the land,
 ‘ Her *motions* had at more command ?’
 “ And is that *all* you have to say ?
 “ Pray hold your tongue, — and mind your way,
 “ You know the law, as well as I ;
 “ Nay, were the cause on’t by the bye :
 “ I am an honest, virtuous woman,
 “ And won’t be damn’d for you, nor no-man ;
 “ But will obey the *Pope*’s decree !
 “ So, thank your stars, there were but *three*.”

M O R A L.

LEARN hence, ye husbands, young and old,
 Not to complain your wives are cold :
 For most would own it, if they durst,
 They wish ’em cold, as Colin’s first.

Next, chuse not wives for too much zeal,
 Which does the warmth within conceal :
 And she who most adores the gown,
 Oft proves the wagtail of the town.



THE CONVERT TO TOBACCO.

A T A L E.

HAIL, *Raleigh*! venerable shade,
 Accept this tribute, humbly paid;
 Great patron of the failing crew,
 Who gav'st us weed to smoke and chew,
 Kindly accept these honours due.
 To thee we owe our country's wealth,
 And smirking glee, and lusty health:
 From ashes white as driven snow,
 Tobacco clouds, 'tis what we owe,
 In fragrant wreaths ascend the sky,
 To thee, the smoaker's deity.

Immortal weed! all-healing plant!
 Possessing thee we nothing want.
 Assistant chief to country vicar,
 Next to his concordance and liquor:
 If text obscure perplex his brain,
 He scratches, thinks, but all in vain,
 Till lighted pipe's prevailing ray,
 Like *Phæbus*, drives the fog away.

Concomitant of *Cambro-Briton*,
 (If I a rhyme for that cou'd hit on)
 Content with thee, he'll barefoot trudge it,
 His hose and shoes fast bound in budget;

Bleak

Bleak blow the winds, thick fall the snows ;
 With thee he warms his dripping nose,
 And scrubs, and puffs, and on he goes.

}

With thee, dear partner of his ale,
 The Justice grave prolongs his tale ;
 And fast asleep does wisely prate us,
 Whilst sober whiff fills each *Hiatus*.

With thee — “ But hark’ee,” says a friend,
 “ *Tom*, will thy preface never end ?

“ We want the tale you promis’d us.”

The tale d’ye want ? — then take it thus :

Buxoma was a banker’s widow,
 Frolick and free as good Queen *Dido* ;
 For now twelve months were past and gone,
 Since spouse lay cover’d with a stone.
 At first, indeed, for fashion-sake,
 She must not rest asleep, or wake ;
 The wretched’st woman sure alive,
 The best of husbands to survive !
 O had *she* dy’d ! (but ’twas too late)
 To save her dearee from his fate !

Poor *Ten per Cent* ! his hour was come,
 Ere he had half made up his plum.
 You’d swear she’d learnt to mourn at school ;
 She sigh’d by note, and wept by rule.
 The neighbours saw’t ; and who but she
 For conjugal sincerity !

But now the farce was o’er, she saw
 ’Twas time the vizard to withdraw.

80 THE CONVERT TO TOBACCO.

The fable weeds are thrown aside,
 No more she wrung her hands and cry'd ;
 But gay at all assemblies shone,
 And — who was blest that lay alone ?
 The charms of forty thousand pound
 Drew from each quarter all around ;
 The templer spruce, and formal cit,
 The man of war, and man of wit :
 The last indeed despair'd to win her,
 Yet still pursu'd her for a dinner.
 For madam's gate, or she's bely'd,
 Stood ever hospitably wide.
 Good beef and mutton grac'd her table,
 And who ate most she judg'd most able.
 The cloth remov'd, the board was spread |
 With choice of wine, both white and red.
 Pipes and tobacco next appear,
 And tapers bright bring up the rear.
 Now, by-the-by, Sir, you must know;
 Our widow, whilom, made a vow,
 Tho' age and ugliness o'ertook her,
 Never to wed with filthy smoaker ;
 And therefore sily laid a plot
 To try who smoakt, and who did not.

Unhappy state of human kind !
 To future evils ever blind !
 The gilded pill we rashly swallow,
 Nor heed what bitterness may follow.
 This to make out, and eke my tale,
 Our lovers smoak'd, both one and all.

Unthinking

THE CONVERT to TOBACCO. 81

Unthinking of th' impending doom,
Now spicy whiffs perfum'd the room ;
When straight the widow, *sans* excuse,
Their offers bluntly did refuse.

Thus had she packt off lovers plenty,
Some say a dozen, others twenty ;
And now began to fear, I trow,
Lest she were hamper'd in her vow :
When lo ! a swain of *Irish* race,
With back of steel, and front of brass,
Resolv'd *Buxoma* to assail,
And wisely, that he might not fail,
Struck in with Mistress *Abigail*.
Now *Abigails*, the learned say,
To ladies hearts can pave the way ;
The jade, unable to resist
Five pieces clapt in lilly fist,
Betray'd (a mercenary whore !)
The vow I told you of before,
And *Mac* succeeds in his amour.
He wou'd not smoke, to save his life,
Prais'd the good taste of *Paulo's* wife :
" Tobacco, fogh ! he cou'd not bear t,
" Filthy concomitant of claret."

Our widow chuckled here to find
At last a lover to her mind ;
And straight an honest parson got
To tie the matrimonial knot.
Here, to be short, the wedding-day
Was ate, and drank, and danc'd away.

82 THE CONVERT TO TOBACCO.

The wishing guests the stocking threw,
 Jested a while, and then withdrew.
 When loud the bridegroom 'gan to roar,
 And bang his slipper 'gainst the floor ;
 — " Here, bring a pipe." — " A pipe ! " she cry'd —
 " Nay, do not fret, good angry bride,
 " For I must smoak, or else — my dear,
 (Then whisper'd something in her ear)
 " 'Tis true, by heaven ! my former spouse
 " Lov'd to see pipes come in the house."
 With wistful eye, poor madam view'd
 Her dear deceiver, thought him rude ;
 Yet silent lay, in sad suspense,
 Waiting the happy consequence.
 Which, authors say, she did not miss :
 The pipe was out, an eager kiss
 Preluded to th' ensuing bliss. }
 He smoak'd a second and a third,
 Nay, and a fourth too, 'tis averr'd ;
 And still the well-experienc'd dame
 Found the yet wish'd-effect the same.
 Some have affirm'd, he was so stout
 To take a fifth ere he gave out.

‘ What, yet again ? the deuse is in thee !
 ‘ Nat, fetch the pound of *Sly's* Virginia,
 ‘ All the new pipes, and a fresh light ;
 ‘ Your master says he'll smoak all night.’



THE MISTAKE.

A TALE.

ALL you who *Hymen's* yoke would prove,
Come listen to my ditty :

The tale I sing may chance to move

Your laughter or your pity.

To be a wife full thirty years,

Nan various arts had try'd ;

And often said, with sighs and tears,

She ne'er shou'd be a bride.

To an old crone at length she went,

One fam'd for fat and sin ;

Relates her cause of discontent,

And begs advice therein.

" Oh thou ! whose equitable skill

" Can dead mens thoughts supply ;

" Help me, now living, to my will,

" And make it when I die.

" Assist, *Priscilla*," *Nanny* cry'd,

" And ease an old maid's mind,

" For law-suits, wounds, and stars, thou pride

" Of all the female kind.

" Oh, help me to some youthful mate,

" And I thy fame will tell :

" Assist me to avoid the fate

" Of leading apes in hell."

Pleas'd with these words, th' experienc'd dame
To weeping *Nanny* said :

" Once beauty's charms could raise a flame,

" And help the willing maid.

" Our modern sparks more cunning grown,

" Court not like those of old :

" For now each youth will doubly burn

" For beauty and for gold.

" Your wash and paint are idle stuff

" Give out that you are rich :

" Of wooers then you'll have enough ;

" Or ne'er say I'm a witch."

Nan's soon beset, as said the hag,

With twenty am'rous ninnies,

By shewing off a canvas bag

Of counterfeited guineas.

Among the rest a youth there comes

From boggy *Enyskellin* ;

By persecuting duns and bums

Drove here to seek a living.

A greater stranger none than he

To honesty and pence ;

Nor *Henley* more a foe cou'd be

To modesty and sense.

And though his brawny back, oh *Nan* !

With future hopes did win ye ;

Will prov'd, alas ! no more a man,

Then signior *Nicholini*.

With

With eager haste the match they made,

Each other glad to take in,

Will's still in debt, *Nan's* still a maid ;

And both have prov'd mistaken.

And though, dear *Nan* ! poor *Will* offends,

Trangressing nightly rules ;

He makes the town a large amends,

By not increasing fools.



CHESHIRE NELL,

O R,

THE STAGE-WAGGON.

A T A L E.

MAN was not made to live at home,
He loves to get abroad and roam ;

The charms of novelty pursue,

And see the world he comes into.

Hence first the boat, with slender oar,

Was taught to ply the winding shore :

Next, bolder spread the swelling sail,

And stiffen'd to the wafting gale.

At land this roving genius found

As many helps to shift its ground :

Hence

Hence steeds were saddled, cars invented,
Coaches with cloth and leather tented,
And waggons built, whose cumb'rous train,
With giant bulk, indents the plain —

“But what's this knowledge to a story?”

Read, on my friend, it lies before you.

A *Cheshire* damsel, young and gay,
And blooming as the pride of *May*,
Admir'd and woo'd by many a swain,
Whose vows she heard with cold disdain.
For pride had whisper'd to her mind,
Her charms were not for such design'd ;
Of maids she'd read, and read agen,
Who marry'd lords — or gentlemen ;
Or rais'd by merchants of renown,
Had rode in coaches of their own.
If other virgins thus could rise,
Why might not she expect a prize ?
Ambition is a dang'rous guest,
And soon usurps the female breast :
Poor *Nell's* aspiring fancy glows,
With *London's* visionary shows ;
She loaths her former rural joys,
And longs for hurry, crowds, and noise ;
By day she forms romantic schemes,
By night she shines in golden dreams ;
Her cheeks turn pale — her visage strange,
Her mother wonders at the change.
At length, by oft repeated pray'r,
She wins her to disclose her care :

And

And as she finds her purpose bent,
She gains her gaffer's kind consent,
That *Nell* should up to *London* go,
And try what luck she might come to.
Equip'd, and joyful at the heart,
The maiden now prepares to part.
A purse with splendid shillings stor'd,
Her mother steals her from her hoard ;
A broad *Jacobus*, fair and bright,
Is offer'd — as her father's mite :
Tears stopp'd, and kind embraces giv'n,
They leave her to the charge of heaven ;
The place was ta'en — the waggon ready,
And *Nell*, in prospect, quite a lady.

Now safely had she travell'd on,
Within a stage of *London* town,
When a deep slough, by chance unseen,
O'erturn'd the cumbersome machine :
Fast stick the wheels, the axles break,
Loud bawl the men — the females squeak :
The horses in the quicksand flounce,
Trunks, boxes, from the stowage bounce ;
Confusion reigns — while in the fall,
Extensive ruin threatens all :
One bruis'd to death, and others hurt,
Who lie half smother'd in the dirt ;
While loud the noisy drivers swear —
For damage, they are bound to bear.

Amidst the pool of mire and clay,
Poor *Nell* distress'd and breathless lay ;

Her

Her lovely limbs with mud o'erspread,
 Limbs! worthy of a sweeter bed!
 Her dreams of future wealth and state,
 All scatter'd by the blasts of fate,
 Till a kind youth — who, bound for town,
 Was in the same disaster thrown,
 Took pity on the maiden's case,
 And help'd her from the dang'rous place.

Her beauties thus with filth besmear'd,
 How sad the alter'd maid appear'd!
 Disabled now to travel on,
 She trudges to the neighb'ring town;*
 Asham'd — avoiding to be seen,
 She seeks the shelter of an inn;
 Where, weeping, she relates her chance,
 With each important circumstance:
 Describes the place they tumbled down,
 And how the wheel had torn her gown.
 Heedless, the folks the story hear,
 Tho' grac'd with many a pearly tear;
 Alas! she thought not all her pain
 Was joy to them — which brought them gain.

Three days reliev'd with food and rest,
 New spirits warm'd her youthful breast;
 Ambition, by her late disgrace
 Expell'd, resum'd its former place;
 And now, so near her journey's end,
 Fortune, she hopes, will learn to mend.

* *Hockley in the Hole, where this scene lay.*

But ah ! new clouds the sky o'erspread,
 New mischiefs hover round her head ;
 Prepar'd to part with early day,
 A dreadful reck'ning stands to pay !
 A reck'ning by misfortune run :
 Her purse she seeks — her purse is gone !
 Lost, when ill fate her project cross'd,
 And never miss'd till wanted most.

‘ My purse is lost !’ — all pale she cries,
 “ Your purse !” — the surly host replies,
 “ I never saw it in my door,
 “ You mean to cheat me of my score.
 “ Three days you entertain'd have been,
 “ Nor have I yet a shilling seen.”

In vain fair *Nelly* wept and pray'd,
 The host was deaf to all she said :
 He stamps, he calls — two furies come,
 And strip the damsel in the room.
 “ Now lady-errant, trudge away,”
 (The landlord cries) --- “ yet if you'll stay,
 “ I'll, since you're likely, give you wages ;
 “ We want a wench to serve the stages :
 “ You need not slight the place I proffer,
 “ There's *London* girls would take the offer.”

Friendless --- dejected --- in disgrace,
 What could *Nell* do --- but take the place ?
 Here, a poor drudge for present bread,
 The disappointed damsel stay'd :
 A daily slave of toilsome care,
 Imperious usage forc'd to bear ;

Obscene

Obscene discourse, the whisper lewd,
 Tyrannic oaths, and all that's rude :
 Till by degrees — (to end my tale)
 As patterns teach, and precepts fail,
 Her pride grew less — she lost her shame ;
 For gain she sold her virgin fame,
 And where she refuge sought from grief,
 Perish'd beyond the world's relief.

Shipwreck'd on *Africk's* desert coast,
 So fares it with a stranger lost ;
 Emerging from the sandy wave,
 Rejoic'd he spies a cooling cave ;
 In hopes of shelter mends his way,
 But falls a bloody tyger's prey.



THE WIDOW'S WILE.

A TALE.

HAVE you not seen (to state the case)
 Two wasps lie struggling in a glass ?
 By the rich flavour of *Tokay*
 Allur'd, about the brim they play ;
 They 'light, they murmur, then begin
 To lick ; and so at length slip in :
 Embracing close each insect lies,
 Together dip, together rise ;

You'd

You'd swear they love, and yet they strive
Which shall be sunk, and which survive.

Such feign'd amours, and real hate,
Attend the matrimonial state ;
When sacred vows are bought and sold,
And hearts are ty'd with threads of gold.

A nymph there was who, fame has said,
No hair adorn'd her infant head ;
A certain sign, the learn'd declare,
That (guarded with uncommon care)
Her virtue might remain at ten
Impregnable, to boys or men.
But from that *Æra* we'll proceed,
To find her in a widow's weed :
Which all love's chronicles agree,
She wore just turn'd of twenty-three ;
For an old sot she call'd her mate,
For jewels, pin-money, and plate.
The dame, possess'd of wealth and ease,
Had no more appetites to please :
That which provokes wild girls to wed,
Fie ! — It ne'er enter'd in her head.

Yet some prolific planet smil'd,
And gave the pair a chopping child ;
Entitled by the law to claim
Her husband's chattels, and his name :
But was so like his mother ! she
The queen of love, her *Cupid* he.

This matron fair, for spouse deceas'd,
Had sorrow'd sore, a week at least ;

And

And seem'd to grudge the worms that prey,
Which had lain dead full many a day.
From plays and balls she now refrain'd,
To a dark room by custom chain'd;
And not a male for love or gold,
But the dear hopes of two years old.

The maids so long in prison pent,
Ask leave to air; she gives consent:
(For health is riches to the poor)
But *Tom* must stay to guard the door.
In reading *Sherlock* she'd employ
Her solitude, and tend the boy.

When madam sees the coast is clear,
Her spirits mantle and career;
Diffusing ardour through her mien;
Pity they should condense to spleen!
But now by honour she's confin'd,
Who flutter'd once as free as wind:
And on a masquerading morn,
By fix securely could return;
Having, to seal him safe till nine,
With opium drugg'd her spouse's wine.
This the gay world no worse would hold,
Than had she only chang'd his gold;
The species answer'd all demands,
And only pass'd through other hands.
But honour now prescribes the law,
The tyrant keeps her will in awe:
For charity forbids to roam,
And not a chitterling at home.

What!

What ! a large stomach, and no meat ?
In pity, *love*, provide a treat !
Can widows feed on dreams and wishes,
Like hags on visionary dishes ?
Impossible ! through walls of stone
Hunger will break, to know a bone.
Want oft', in times of old, we read,
Made mothers on their infants feed ;
And now constrain'd this matron mild,
To grow hard-hearted to her child.
Her darling child she pinch'd ; he squawl'd ;
In haste the fav'rite footman's call'd,
To pacify the peevish chit ;
For who but he could do the feat ?
He smarting sore, refus'd to play ;
But bade man *Thomas* beat mamma.
She laughing, soon avow'd her flame
By various signs that want a name.
The lacquey saw with trembling joy,
Gay humour dancing in her eye ;
And straight, with equal fury fir'd,
Began th' attack ; the dame retir'd :
And haply falling as she fled,
He beat her till she lay for dead :
But (with new vigour for the strife)
Soon with a sigh return'd to life.

Think ye she'd e'er forgive her son,
For what the naughty man had done ?
She did ! yet spited with his pain,
He sounds th' alarm to charge again.

But,

Perpetual noising in my ears,
Day after day, weeks, months, and years.

I've try'd to please her all I can,
Done all that's in the pow'r of man;
And after all (the greater curse)
I really think she's rather worse.
In short she may the maxim boast,
She's of those wives *that rule the roast*.

I've often thought, in this my station,
T'expose her tongue to law and nation;
To undergo the ancient rule
Of *Skimmington* or *Ducking-stool*:
And I do still the thought pursue,
If you shou'd think 'twill *tame a shrew*.

Why I shou'd think, quo' *Ralph*, indeed,
Since both by learned men agreed,
To be the cure of noise and strife;
No doubt but both will cure thy wife.
Try which you will of one and t'other:
And if one won't do, — try the other.

But soft, quo' *Sim*, give each their merit,
I've this to add, by way of credit;
Although her clapper never cease,
Her fist and grinders hold their peace.

Why that, quo' *Ralph*, is to her credit,
And to thine too, that thou hast said it:
For, speaking truth, in both your praise,
It seldom happens now a-days;
And I've heard say, in days of yore,
That one, a great philosopher,*

* *Socrates*.

96 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

A man of parts, and very learned,
 Who by his brain all truths discerned ;
 Not only weds a termagant,*
 But, both in one, — a combatant :
 And what is more than either those,
 (Not satisfy'd at home with blows)
 Abroad she'd pull him by the nose.
 By this, thy wife is not the first,
 And, thank thy stars, she's not the worst.
 Therefore the stool's the fittest place,
 The surest sign of her disgrace :
 But then consider, silly elf,
 By branding her, you brand yourself.

Why ay, quo' *Sim*, there lies th' objection;
 Must her disgrace cause my reflection?
 Must I endure an equal shame,
 When only she, my wife's, to blame?
 Rather she blam'd by *me* alone,
 Than I be blam'd by ev'ry one.

If so, quo' *Ralph*, whene'er again
 Thy wife begins her noisy strain;
 Then lay before her, this her case,
 Shewing the crime, and the disgrace;
 With all the shameful ills attending,
 In hopes 'twill make some small amending.

Alas! quo' *Sim*, you preach in vain,
 I've told her o'er and o'er again,
 If she'd not cease, the neighbours wou'd
 Expose her for the public good;

* *Xantippe*.

And

And sure as half the hearing past her,
So sure her tongue wou'd gallop faster,
For I've observ'd by often trial,
Her tongue will suffer no denial:
If she insist that black is white,
My answer's always—you say right.

Woman's delight is contradiction,
(Just as your poet-men love fiction)
Bid 'em say this, and do ye that,
They'll do and say the opposite.

In truth, quo' *Ralph*, thy observation
Is good in law, in church, and nation;
Founded on reason and good sense,
On truth, and long experience:
And what concerns thy noisy dame,
Minds me of something like the same.

When I my bargain *Kate* took first,
Whether for better or for worse,
Her tongue than mine wou'd ne'er go faster,
She was call'd mistress, and I—master.
A while we kept thus jogging on,
Just as we quietly begun,
Till at the last, *Kate* found her tongue.

One ev'ning coming home full late,
Up starts the tongue with mistress *Kate*:

“ Pray what d'ye mean, you ill-bred hog,
“ You stinking beast, you drunken dog?
“ Must I all day be kept at home,
“ Mop'd by myself here, all alone?

98 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

"While truly you, forsooth, at ease,

"Can go and come just when you please.

"D'ye think I'll lead this hellish life?

"Curse on the stars that made me wife!"

Hey day! quo' I, why how now, quean?

Pray what may all this language mean?

Must I ask leave to go and come,

And if not granted, stay at home?

'Tis I shou'd lead a hellish life;

A man can't stir without his wife!

What! art thou marry'd, silly fool,

And knowest not the marriage rule?

That men and dogs have leave to roam,

But wives and cats must stay at home?

Cease, pr'ythee cease, thy noisy strain;

Nor let me hear the like again.

With that she swell'd her wide grimace,

And spit her venom in my face.

I thought, in truth, 'twas then high time

To nip the bud before its prime;

Nor had I yet the rule forgot,

To strike the iron while 'tis hot.

I stepp'd aside, left madam there,

And pull'd the halter off the mare,

In this right-hand secur'd her fate,

And in this other, mistress Kate:

Come, come, quo' I, my sturdy jennet,

We'll try for master, who shall win it.

At first she rode a little rusty,

But I laid on with lashes lusty;

And

And gave her handsomely her hire,
 Till at the last *Kate* 'gan to tire;
 I still laid on as I begun,
 By means of which I master won,
 And by which means, *Kate* lost her tongue.
 And from that very time to this,
Kate, nor her tongue, e'er went amiss.

What think you now? quo' neighbour *Ralph*;
 I think, quo' *Sim*, in thy behalf:
 And had I heard the like before,
 I might, like thee, had joys in store.
 But still there hope remains however,
 And hopes are better late than never:
 I'll therefore try thy kind receipt,
 With all its benefits repeat;
 And if I find its virtues save her,
 I'll ever thank thee for the favour.

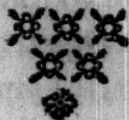
A welfare wish'd on either side,
 Our neighbour *Simon* homewards hy'd,
 And e'er he ventur'd to the house,
 Procur'd the balsam for his spouse:
 No sooner come, and sat him down,
 But madam *Madge* let loose her tongue;
 Exclaiming in her usual note,
 With hideous howl, and squalling throat:
 And for't no other reason knowing,
 But lik'd to hear her clack a-going.
 Pleas'd with the project, simp'ring *Sim*
 Applauds her music with a grin;

100 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

And, just as fuel unto fire,
 Serv'd to inflame her spirits higher;
 Till choak'd with spleen, and spent with rage,
 No other way her heat t'assuage,
 But out it must, to her disgrace,
 Revil'd him *cuckold* to his face.

Sim, thinking then he had withstood
 Sufficient proof of flesh and blood,
 Resolv'd to follow *Ralph's* direction,
 And purge her crime with due correction:
 Now for't, quo' *Sim*, while time doth last,
 Since time's no time when time is past;
 I've long endur'd thy venom'd tongue,
 With calumny and slander hung;
 And when foul words have been my share,
 Have hitherto return'd thee fair:
 But since in vain, a way I'll try,
 Its foul defects to rectify.

No more he said, but out he drew
 His friend's receipt to *tame a shrew*;
 Prepar'd it, as it was prescrib'd,
 And all its hidden charms apply'd;
 Made madam's manners stand the test,
 And found the cure — *probatum est*.



A New RECEIPT to tame a SHREW.

SHAKESPEAR's receipt to tame a shrew.

May sometimes, but won't always do ;
If bare assertion's not enough,
The present tale affords a proof.

Richard spy'd *John*, and call'd out to him ;
He was so chang'd, *John* scarcely knew him ;
Once he was brisk, and gay, and merry ;
His eyes were sloes, his cheeks were cherry ;
He us'd to laugh, and dance, and sing :
Now he was quite another thing.

Pale were his cheeks, his eyes were dim ;
His clothes too big by half for him ;
He sigh'd as if his heart was broke :
He sigh'd, alas ! but seldom spoke.

John was amaz'd, and thought it strange,
To find in *Dick* this sudden change :
Whence could this alteration come ?

He spoke to *Dick*, but *Dick* was dumb.

" Poor *Ball*, friend *Richard*, is't not so ?

" *Ball* is elop'd." — Quoth *Richard*, ' No.'

" Is *Gripe*, your good old uncle, dead ?"

Dick answer'd, ' No,' and shook his head.

" Why then, I'll lay my life that *Sally*

" (You two together us'd to dally)

" Has sent you home a babe to nurse,

" Ha ! *Dick* ?" — *Dick* answer'd, ' Ten times worse.'"

Silent some moments here he tarry'd ;

Then, ' Oh !' says *Dick*, ' Oh, *John* ! I'm marry'd.'"

"Marry'd?" "Ay,"—"Say'st thou so, my boy?"

"With all my heart I wish thee joy!"

"Joy does no more to me belong."

"How so?" "Oh! *Kate* has such a tongue,

"She contradicts whate'er I tell her;

"Keeps both the keys of purse and cellar;

"Lives as she lists, but all won't do,

"She snubs me loud, before folks too;

"And, if I chance to stay out late,

"I must be catechis'd by *Kate*."

"Some method should be try'd," says *John*.

"Method!" quoth *Dick*, "there is but one:

"Across our stable hangs a shelf"—

"Thou dost not mean to hang thyself?"

"Yes; death alone must end my sorrow!

"Adieu, dear *John*, I die to-morrow."

"What; hang thyself? 'cause *Kate* is curst?"

"Egad, I'd see *Kate* hang'd up first.

"Friend *Dick*, this talk is monstrous idle!

"Try a good horse-whip or a bridle:

"You find old *Jobson*, in the farce,

"Prevented thus domestick jars;

"When *Nell* his wife let loose her clapper,

"He us'd most heartily to strap her,

"And by this usage, we are told,

"Tam'd *Loverule's* wife, a noted scold:

"Friend *Richard*, try one hearty banging;

"If that should fail, then talk of hanging."

Richard reply'd, "What thou advisest,

"Friend *John*, to me seems best and wisest.

"Who

A RECEIPT TO TAME A SHREW. 103

‘ Who knows, it may suffice, perhap,
 ‘ Only to show my wife the strap ?
 ‘ Howe’er, I’ll with discretion deal it,
 ‘ As *Kate* requires, to see or feel it.’

Here they broke off, and set a trudging,
Dick to his wife, and *John* to’s lodging.

Kate, a lusty, stout virago,
 Pamper’d herself with soup and sago,
 And was, the neighbours all agree,
 A match for two such men as he.

Thus it appears ; read but the sequel ;
 You’ll find, *Dick* wasn’t near her equal.

For he to *John* soon after goes,

A plaister stuck quite cross his nose,
 His face up to his eyes was swell’d,

A worse before was ne’er beheld ;

Back, belly, sides, in short all o’er,

The man was so confounded sore,

He could not bear the gentlest touch,

And scarce could go without a crutch.

“ Mercy !” cried *John*, “ Whence did this hap-
 pen ?”

Quoth *Dick*, ‘ ’Twas you told me of strapping ;

‘ And, but for following your advice,

‘ I had been hang’d, and ’scap’d all this.

‘ Alack a-day ! why *Kate* no sooner

‘ Found that I was about to tune her,

‘ But it enrag’d her so, and vext her,

‘ That she laid hold of what came next her ;

' Stools, tables, sauce-pans, plates, and chairs,
 ' Flew, thick as hail, about my ears.
 ' She call'd me bold, rebellious fool;
 ' Ask'd why she marry'd, but to rule?
 ' And with her talons, and her fist,
 ' Has scratch'd and bruis'd me, as thou see'st;
 ' Therefore, to shun all future sorrow,
 ' Depend upon't, I'll hang to-morrow.'

Here *John* began a grave discourse:

" Art, sometimes, triumphs over force;
 " Towns that by storm would ne'er been shaken,
 " Have by blockade (mind that!) been taken;
 " People must *eat, Dick*, else they die;
 " (First we affirm, and then apply;)
 " Thus, *Dick*, should'st thou withhold that blessing,
 " Without which life's not worth possessing,
 " Spite of her furious temper, *Kate*
 " Wou'd, by degrees, capitulate.
 " Only let careful quest be made
 " To intercept all foreign aid;
 " And though she be a lusty warrior,
 " And thou hast had the luck to marry her,
 " Affairs will for the better alter—
 " Take my advice, and burn thy halter."

Richard, as we may learn from hence,
 Thinking no more than lit'ral sense,
 Reply'd, ' Thou art a simple tony!
 ' I told thee, *Kate* keeps all the money;
 ' Therefore 'tis vain what you observe;
 ' Not she, but I am like to starve.'

"I mean,"—said *John*,—and whisper'd low,
 But what, we could not just then know.
 Howe'er you'll doubtless, by th' event,
 Along with us, guess what it meant.
 Few weeks were past, the neighbours tell,
 Ere *Dick* had play'd his part so well,
 That, for the future, *Kate* abhorr'd
 To lift her hand against her lord;
 Instead of thund'ring words, they hear
 "What time d'ye please to dine, my dear?"
 If *Dick* but point towards the door,
Kate knows the hint, nor waits for more.
 Things in their proper course go on,
 And *Dick* in raptures runs to *John*.



THE FOOLISH INQUIRY.

A T A L E.

— *Quod scire non prodest, fuge quærere.*

LET him, who takes a beauty to his arms,
 Like her not worse, if *all* admire her charms.
 The wretch who does a haggard beldam wed,
 In hopes to reign unrival'd in his bed,
 Is like the niggard, who provides such meat
 Himself abhors, that others may not eat.

Joslin, a hind of matrimonial make,
 Did smiling *Sally* for his help-mate take.
 The fields his toil and pleasure, her's the house ;
 The flocks his care, and her's to milk the cows.
 Equal their labours, equally they lov'd ;
 That both were pleas'd, their mutual fondness prov'd.

One gloomy day, he, mowing his rough face,
 Studious survey'd each feature in the glass :
 This beetle brow, he said, can *Sally* like ?
 This length of chin so nice a damsel strike ?
 Can she be true to such a swain as me ?
 Fair, and yet chaste ? oh ! it can never be.

Curst jealousy, the bane of nuptial joys,
 Like nut-bred maggots, the sweet fruit destroys.
 Frantic at last, he to his *Sally* goes,
 And does his agonizing fears disclose :
 Hast thou been false, (he cry'd) the truth declare,
 I'd rather know the worst of truths than fear :
 I from my soul forgive — dear *Sally* speak.
 Thus urg'd, the fair with tears did silence break :
 Once, dearest ('twas but once, and for thy sake)
 I did the matrimonial contract break.
 The handsome 'Squire (you to the fair was gone)
 A visit made, and found me all alone.
 Smooth was his tongue, and he, for conquest dress'd,
 My trembling lips with eager kisses press'd.
 Kisses, nor dress, nor his smooth tongue cou'd move
 My faithful heart to deeds of lawless love.

“ Repuls'd ! ” he said — “ Since courtship can-
 not gain

“ A favour may be spar'd — I must distrain.”

Sighs

Sighs heav'd my breast, I wept. — "No need of
tears ;

"Pay me with love, and cancel all arrears."

Strong the temptation, and our sex is frail ;

Yet *Interest* did, not *wantonness* prevail.

Shou'd he, I thought, dismantle our sweet farm,

Pleasure, once stol'n, wou'd less my *Joslin* harm.

Forgive your *Sally* then, and ne'er upbraid ;

Here's the receipt in full — our rent is paid.

Penfive he mus'd on what his *Sally* said,

And to himself this wise reflection made :

Suspitions none but marry'd fools perplex,

Who curious search for what, when known, will vex.

Sancho, his brother, chose an ugly elf,

Frightful to others, hated by himself.

Cou'd jealousy possess a man so wiv'd ?

And yet this wretch his *Hecatissa* thriv'd.

"Tell me, but tell me true, hast kept thy vows ?"

"Or dignify'd thy lawful husband's brows ?"

His crooked rib reply'd — "Some for delight,

"Their worthless husbands dub, and some for spite.

"I knew thee wicked — for thy soul I fear'd ;

"That cuckolds go to heav'n, I oft had heard,

"So ask'd a hundred, but not one cou'd find,

"(Till *Tom* the tinker came) wou'd be so kind.

"Nor wou'd my passion the coy rogue relieve,

"Unless our old brass kettle I wou'd give."

Regret not what's decreed, ye sons of earth :

The ram, or bull, presid'd at your birth !

Fated to horns :—but here the diff'rence lies,
Fair Sally fells, what *Hecatiffa* buys.

M O R A L.

YE husbands who have gotten wives,

Ye bachelors without 'em,

If you wou'd lead contented lives,

Ne'er plague your heads about 'em.

If women once are giv'n to change,

If love a freak has sent 'em,

In spite of all your care they'll range;

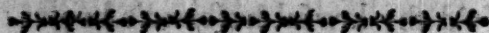
Not Argus can prevent 'em.

The faults, which they have wit to hide,

Can never discontent you.

The jealous they will ne'er abide :

E'en take 'em as they're sent you.



THE CASE IS ALTER'D.

A T A L E.

HODGE held a farm, and smil'd content,

While *one* year pay'd *another's* rent :

But if he ran the least behind,

Vexation stung his anxious mind :

For not an hour would *landlord* stay,

But seize the very quarter day :—

How

How cheap see'er, or scant the grain,
 Though urg'd with truth, was urg'd in vain :
 The same to *him*, if false, or true ;
 For rent *must* come when rent was due.
 Yet that same *landlord's* cows and steeds
 Broke *Hodge's* fence, and cropt his meads.
 In hunting, that same *landlord's* hounds,
 See ! how they spread his new-sown grounds !
 Dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoy'd,
 While half the rising crop's destroy'd :
 Yet tamely was the loss sustain'd —
 'Tis said, the suff'rer *once* complain'd ;
 The 'Squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
 And pay'd the bumkin — with a joke.

But luckless still, poor *Hodge's* fate ! —
 His worship's bull has forc'd a gate,
 And gor'd his cow, the last and best ;
 By sickness he had lost the rest.
Hodge felt at heart resentment strong ;
 The heart will feel that suffers long.
 A thought that instant took his head,
 And thus within himself, he said ;
 ' If *Hodge*, for *once*, don't *fling* the 'Squire,
 ' May people post him for a liar.'
 He said ; — across his shoulder throws
 His *fork*, and to his *landlord* goes.

' I come, an' please ye, to unfold
 ' What soon, or late, you *must* be told.
 ' My bull, (a creature tame till now)
 ' My bull has gor'd *your worship's* cow. —

' 'Tis

" 'Tis known what shifts I make to live —
 " Perhaps your *honour* may forgive. —
 " Forgive ! " the 'Squire reply'd, and swore,
 " Pray cant to me, *forgive*, no more.
 " The *law* my damage shall decide,
 " And know that I'll be satisfy'd. —
 — " Think, Sir, I'm *poor*, *poor* as a rat —
 — " Think, I'm a JUSTICE, think of *that* !
 Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd his head,
 And, recollecting, archly said,
 " Sir, I'm so struck, when here before ye,
 " I fear, I've blunder'd in the story : —
 " 'Fore *George* ! but I'll not blunder now ;
 " *Your's* was the bull, Sir ! *mine* the cow !
 His *worship* found his rage subside,
 And with calm accent thus reply'd :
 " I'll think upon your case to-night —
 " But, I perceive, 'tis alter'd quite !"
 Hodge shrugg'd, and made another bow,
 " An' please ye ! who's the JUSTICE now ?

M O R A L.

On the *same* case what diff'rent lights are thrown,
 When thought another's, and when thought our own !
 The rich still born the needy to enslave !
 This case will alter, too, beyond the grave.



(III)

THE CASE RE-ALTER'D.

A TALE.

WITH temper, that made *Cato* great,
Hodge bore, nor murmur'd at, his fate,

Oft, as at work, and oft in bed,

These were the thoughts that rack'd his head :

• My landlord's fortune how immense !

• His thousands, more than *Hodge's* pence.

• Nor sorrow has, nor cause for sorrow ;

• He lives to-day, nor dreads to-morrow.

• Some are to sink, and some to thrive ;

• Sure he's the happiest man alive !

But what friend *Hodge* affirms, we doubt ;

Is bliss consistent with the gout ?

The justice, tipling with the vicar,

Is ev'ry night disguis'd in liquor :

If sober, not the gout so bad ;

For then he thinks, and then is mad.

His thoughts when cool, should *Hodge* be told,

'Twou'd make him spurn that trifle, gold.

“ This wealth, for which the world cares,

“ How vain, how impotent, to bless !

“ Without the pow'r to sleep or eat,

“ I'm justice, 'squire, and wretch compleat !

“ This foot's intolerable pain

“ Has try'd a thousand drugs in vain ;

“ And what prescription can appease

“ This mind's incurable disease ?

“ There's *Hodge* — (and yet he envies me)

“ O ! to be half so blest as he ! ”

But

But scenes are shifting ; fever ends
 An unole's-life ; a farm descends
 To *Hodge* ; and now he ploughs no more
 The land his worship leas'd before ;
 No crop destroy'd, no rent to pay,
 He lays up substance ev'ry day.
 The Justice, on his prancing mare,
 Attempts a gate, she throws him there :
 There, at the gate the bull came through,
 When *Hodge's* cow he gor'd, and slew.
 From whence the whisp'ring neighbours know
 What caus'd this fatal overthrow.
 The rosy vicar next came by,
 And found him with a broken thigh.—
 'Tis set — in vain ! — it mortifies !
 The 'Squire, before to-morrow, dies.
 His daughter's call'd — an only child —
 A girl of parts, or had been spoil'd.
 “ Daughter, I'm going ! don't repine !
 “ But lead a better life than mine.
 “ Of all my crimes, none sting me more
 “ Than injuries I've done the poor.
 “ O ! promise me, before these friends,
 “ To make that injur'd *Hodge* amends ! ” —
 At more, with salt'ring tongue, he try'd,
 But fetch'd a dreadful groan, and dy'd.
 His corpse, when decently interr'd,
 The dying charge to mind recurr'd.
 “ Yes ! I'll fulfill this last request ;
 “ (Quoth *Patsey*) but what method best ?
 “ Suppose,

- " Suppose, (her heart began to say)
" Suppose 'twere done the nuptial way?
" No doubt but I might flaunt for life,
" A glitt'ring, and a wretched wife..
" Though *Hodge* has little, I have store;
" What mod'rate pair would wish for more?
" By bearing well his adverse fate,
" His merit claims a happier state..
" An honest heart, in nature's vest,
" Will make a rural virgin blest!
" And *Hodge* is young, and tall, and strait,
" Of gentle blood, though small estate..
" His father lost, with just applause,
" His fortune in his country's cause."

She said, and for the farmer sent,
And gave such hints of what she meant,
That ev'ry eve for half a year,
He came with neither shame nor fear:
He came; but seldom went away
Till midnight, or the dawn of day.
The morn was fix'd, the knot was ty'd;
Hodge to the mansion leads his bride;
Succeeds the 'Squire in lands and store,
And clothes, and feeds, the neighb'ring poor;
And 'tis the universal cry,
Earth hold, and want him long the sky!

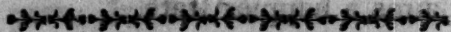
THE MORAL.

If blifs for blifs still pass'd, and woe for woe,
The lot of most were equal, e'en below:

Which

114 THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

Which state the best, e'en reason springs a doubt,
The rich with anguish, or the poor without?
Or if awhile apparent wrongs obtain,
The virtuous mourners, and o'erjoy'd the vain,
Oft e'en on earth, the shifted scenes we view,
Vice meets its own, and worth enjoys its due.



THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A T A L E.

A Farmer once to *London* went,
To pay the worthy 'Squire his rent:
He comes — he knocks — soon entrance gains;
Who at the door such guest detains?
Forth struts the 'Squire, exceeding smart;
"Farmer, you're welcome to my heart."
"You've brought my rent then?" — "To a hair."
"The best of tenants, I declare."
The steward's call'd, accounts made even,
And money paid, receipt is given.

"Well, quoth the 'Squire, you now shall stay,
"And dine with me, old friend, to-day:
"I've here some ladies wond'rous pretty,
"And pleasant sparks too, that will fit thee."

Hob scratch'd his ears, and held his hat,
And said, "No, zur, two words to that."
For

' For look, d'ye zee, when I'ze do dine
 ' With gentlefolks zo cruel fine,
 ' Ize use to make (and 'tis no wonder)
 ' In deed, or word, zome plag'y blunder;
 ' Zo, if your honour will permit,
 ' I'll with your zarvants pick a bit.'

" Pho," says the 'Squire, " it shan't be done,"
 And to the parlour push'd him on.
 To all around *Hob* nods and scrapes,
 Not waiting-maid or butler 'scapes;
 With often bidding takes his seat,
 But at a distance mighty great:
 Tho' often ask'd to draw his chair,
 He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
 By madam serv'd, with body bended,
 With knife and fork, and arms extended;
 He reach'd as far as he was able,
 To plate, that over-hung the table:
 With little morsels cheats his chops,
 And in the passage some he drops:
 To shew where most his heart inclin'd,
 He talk'd and drank to *John* behind.
 When drank to in the modish way,
 ' Your love's sufficient, Zur,' he'd say:
 And to be thought a man of manners,
 Still rose to make his awkward honours.

" Pish," says the 'Squire, " pray keep your sit-
 " ting."

' No, no,' *Hob* cries, ' zur, 'tis not fitting;
 ' Tho'

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'Tho' I'm no scholar, vars'd in letters,
'I knaws my duty to my betters.'

Much mirth the farmers ways afford,
And hearty laughs go round the board.
Thus the first course was ended well,
But at the next—ah! what befel!—
The dishes now were timely plac'd,
And table with fresh lux'ry grac'd.
When drank to by a neighb'ring charmer,
Up, as was usual, stands the farmer.
A wag, to carry on the joke,
Thus to his servant softly spoke;
"Come hither, *Dick*, step gently there,
"And pull away the farmer's chair."

'Tis done, his congee made, the clown
Draws back, and stoops to sit him down;
But by posteriors over-weigh'd,
And of his trusty feat betray'd,
As men at twigs, in river sprawling,
He seiz'd the cloth to save his falling.
In vain:—sad fortune! down he's wallow'd,
And rattling all the dishes follow'd.
The foplings lost their little wits,
The ladies squall'd, some fell in fits;
Here tumbled turkies, tarts, and widgeons,
And there minc'd pies, and geese, and pidgeons;
A pear-pie on his belly drops,
And custard pudding meets his chops.
Lord! what ado 'twixt belles and beaux!
Some curse, some cry, and wipe their cloaths.

This

This lady raves, and that looks down,
 And weeps and wails her spatter'd gown.
 One spark bemoans his greased waistcoat,
 One, rot him, cries, he's spoil'd my lac'd coat.
 Amidst the rout, the farmer long
 The pudding suck'd, and held his tongue.
 At length he gets him on his breech,
 And scrambles up to make his speech ;
 First scrapes eyes, mouth and nostril twangs,
 Then smacks his fingers, and harangues.

‘ Plague tak’t — Ize told ye how ’twou’d be,
 ‘ Luck here’s a pickle, zurs, d’ye see ?
 ‘ And some, I’ll warr’nt, that makes this chatter,
 ‘ Have cloathers daub’d with grease and batter,
 ‘ That cost — He had gone on, but here
 Was stopt at once in his career.

“ Peace, brute ! be gone,” the ladies cry.
 The beaus exclaim, ‘ Fly, rascal, fly.’

“ I’ll tear his eyes out,” squeaks Miss Dolly,
 ‘ I’ll pink his soul out,’ roars a bully.

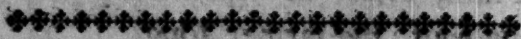
At this the farmer sweats thro’ fear,
 And thinking ’twas ill tarrying here,
 Steals off, and cries, “ Ay ! kill me then,
 * Whene’er you catch me here again.”
 So home he jogs, and leaves the ’squire
 To cool the sparks and ladies ire.

Thus ends my tale, and now I’ll try,
 Like *Prior*, something to apply.

This may teach rulers of a nation,
 Ne’er to place men above their station ;

And

And this may shew the wanton wit,
That whilst he bites he may be bit.



THE SUSSEX CLOWN.

A TALE.

WE argued, *Dick*, last night at drinking,
What most directs the soul in thinking:
Much was advanc'd both *pro* and *con*,
But nothing was resolv'd upon;
More cool this morn, for thinking better,
I've hit the cause, and send this letter.

Philosophers, who search to find
What with most power sways the mind,
May safely all consent to this,
That prejudice that tyrant is:
For just as that directs the sight,
Justice seems wrong, and wrong seems right;
Firmly tenacious to a thought,
As first by priest or nurse we're taught.
But not to rhyme in learn'd essay,
Which suits not well with doggrel lay,
To clear this matter I'll not fail,
And thus I send an humble tale.

As you to *Chichester* go down,
In *Sussex* roads there stands a town,

Where

THE SUSSEX CLOWN.

119

Where you wou'd think the distant church
Had left its parish in the lurch;
For all who'd hear the parson preach,
Must walk a mile the church to reach:
And what was worse, some years ago,
All were oblig'd to trudge quite thro'
A long lane, dirty, stiff with clay,
Because there was no other way.
Hence those who wou'd not nags bestride,
Or those who had no nags to ride,
Often in winter had the luck,
In miry rut, to be fast stuck;
And while one foot they rais'd with pother,
Deeper and faster sunk the other:
To the lane's end from its beginning,
Was one continued scene of sinning;
For tho' from praying come, all swore
Loud as they sung their psalms before.
The sober clerk cou'd not forbear —
Nay more, — it made the parson swear.

Thus had this miry toilsome lane
A constant parish nu'sance been;
From sire to son, from son to son,
All curs'd the way, yet kept it on:
Till a new vicar did persuade,
That a new path-way might be made,
On which the people clean might go,
And leave the miry slime below.
A vestry's call'd, and all agree,
To have the path made instantly.

Now,

Now, free from sweating, dirt, and toil,
 They trip it o'er the gravell'd soil;
 Without splash'd cloaths, or dirty feet,
 The lads appear all trim and neat:
 The lasses no heart-achings know,
 For pettycoat or red-heel'd shoe:
 But clean along the old way's side,
 Each seems a bridegroom or a bride.

You'd think that *all* wou'd leave the lane,
 And to the dirt prefer the clean?

"Ay, surely—what a thought you've had—

"He who'd deny it must be mad."

—Yet one there was within the town,

Call'd *Hodge*, a headstrong stubborn clown,

With miry boots, and coat high girt,

Would still trudge thro' the ancient dirt.

"Trudge thro' the dirt, sir! what pretence?

"'Tis e'en against all common sense."

—What seems 'gainst common sense to you,

He thought to reason strictly true:

For when once jeer'd at by a friend,

Who on the high path clean did go,

He did his folly thus defend,

And answered furlily below,

'As long as I remember can,—

'Nay, past the memory of man,

'Our fathers, and their fathers too,

'This very dirty lane went thro':

'And surely, *Tom*, you must agree,

'Our fathers were as wise as we;

'As

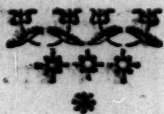
‘ As well as we they cou’d have laid
 ‘ Their gravel, and that path-way made :
 ‘ But thro’ this lane they took their route,
 ‘ And had their reason for’t, no doubt,
 ‘ Altho’ their reason’s now unknown,
 ‘ Yet still our duty shou’d be shown :
 ‘ For swerving from our father’s rules,
 ‘ Is calling all our father’s fools —
 ‘ This *prejudice* in me you name,
 ‘ In you it is the very same :
 ‘ The only diff’rence I’ll unfold,
 ‘ Your’s is for new things, — mine, for old.
 ‘ Therefore let no dispute be had,
 ‘ I think *your* way, you think *mine* bad,
 ‘ I say you’re *fools*, you say I’m *mad*.
 ‘ But say, my friends, whate’er you will,
 ‘ I’ll keep my sense and humour still ;
 ‘ Still trudge the old paternal way,
 ‘ Stick in hereditary clay ;
 ‘ Not turn a madman to be clean —
 ‘ Keep you your path, and I my lane.’

M O R A L.

But as a tale we never send,
 Without a moral at the end ;
 To shew that we have something meant,
 Left you mayn’t see’t — that’s all that’s in’t —
 I’d have you know, my *Sussex* clown,
 The picture is of some in town.

For all whom prejudice can sway,
 Who're led by that in faulty way,
 Firmly tenacious to their will,
 Plod in paternal folly still :
 The fair plain truth they see, yet hate,
 And errors keep in church and state ;
 Like sacred oracles adore 'em,
 Because — their fathers did before 'em.

Thus all, who strict to ancient rules,
 Prove mere hereditary fools ;
 Whether to patriots they resort,
 Or pensions have, or place at court :
 Whether they think it most their glory
 To be firm Whig, or strenuous Tory ;
 Or if high-flown for church they stickle,
 And rail with zeal 'gainst conventicle ;
 Or if, Non Cons, they fire the people
 With pious hate against a steeple :
 All who paternal faults admire,
 Down from his grace to humble 'squire ;
 From's lordship in cathedral stall,
 To master plain at *Salter's-hall* ;
 All in their way must be confest,
 To be mere *Hodges* at the best.



D A M E J A N E ;

O R,

T H E P E N I T E N T N U N .

A T A L E .

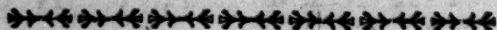
From L A F O N T A I N E .

A Nun there was as primrose gay,
 And form'd of very yielding clay,
 Who long had resolutely strove
 To guard against the shafts of love ;
 Till *Cupid* whisp'ring soft the fair,
 Her pious vows dissolve in air :
 The stolen sweets she now wou'd smother ;
 In vain ! in vain ! poor *Jenny's* made a mother.

These youthful pranks at length giv'n o'er,
 Sighing, she cries, I'll sin no more ;
 Nor more become man's sensual prey,
 But spend in pray'r each fleeting day.
 Lo ! in her cell she weeping lies,
 Nor from the cross once moves her eyes ;
 While sisters, tittering at the grate,
 Pass all their hours in wanton prate.

The abbess, overjoy'd to find
 This blissful change in *Jenny's* mind,
 With face demure the girls addressing,
 ' Ah ! daughters ! if you hope a blessing,

' From righteous *Jane* example take;
 ' The world, its pomp, and joys forsake !'
 " Ah, — so we will, — cries ev'ry nun,
 " When we — as righteous *Jane* have done."



THE KISS REPAID.

A TALE.*

' **A**S *Roger* with his *Jug* was walking,
 Smiling full blithe, and gaily talking,
Sir John, an am'rous knight, pass'd by,
 And chanc'd on *Jug* to cast an eye;
 And with her native beauty pleas'd,
 The rustic husband thus address'd:
 Hail, honest friend ! why, odds my life,
 You've got a wond'rous pretty wife !
 If you'll permit me one small favour,
 To kiss her once, I mean, and leave her,
 Whene'er you chance to meet my dame,
 You shall be welcome to the same.
 Quoth *Roger*, if that's all you crave,
 Your worship freely has my leave.
 'The knight stept up without delay,
 Kiss'd her, and walk'd content away.

* See another version of this tale, page 17.

Some few days after this, in haste,
 As o'er the meadows *Roger* past,
 His gentle friend, Sir *John*, he spy'd,
 My lady tripping by his side ;
 He bow'd, and tho' his mouth did water,
 Pass'd on, and mention'd not the matter.
 The knight then spying him, says, Friend,
 To promises I always stand,
 See here, my wife at your command.
 The clown approach'd and kiss'd the dame,
 Then fir'd with more than usual flame,
 He went, and to himself thus said :
 Since the good knight so well has paid
 His promise, troth, I had much rather
 He'd gone with *Jug* a little farther.

}



WHERE'S THE POKER?

A TALE.

THE poker lost, poor *Susan* storm'd,
 And all the rights of rage perform'd;
 As scolding, crying, swearing, sweating,
 Abusing, figitting, and fretting.

“ Nothing but villainy and thieving ;
 “ Good heav'ns ! what a world we live in !

" If I don't find it in the morning,
 " I'll surely give my master warning.
 " He'd better far shut up his doors,
 " Than keep such good-for-nothing whores;
 " For wherefoe'er their trade they drive,
 " We *virtuous* bodies cannot thrive."

Well may poor *Susan* grunt and groan;
 Misfortunes never come alone,
 But tread each other's heels in throngs;
 For the next day she lost the tongs:
 The salt-box, cullender, and grate,
 Soon shar'd the same untimely fate.
 In vain she vails and wages spent
 On new ones — for the new ones went.
 There'd been (she swore) some dev'l or witch in,
 To rob and plunder all the kitchen.
 One night she to her chamber crept,
 (Where for a month she had not slept,
 Her master being to her seeming
 A better playfellow than dreaming.)
 Curse on the author of these wrongs!
 In her own bed she found the tongs.
 (Hang *Thomas* for an idle joker!)
 And there, good lack! she found the poker,
 With salt-box, pepper-box, and kettle,
 And all the culinary metal. —

Be warn'd, ye fair, by *Susan's* crosses,
 Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses;
 For if young girls delight in kissing,
 No wonder that the poker's missing.

MISS

MISS IN HER TEENS.

A T A L E.

A Nymph of fifteen that had often been chid,
By her sisters more grave, for the faults that
she did ;

For rumpling her manteau that late had been try'd,
For her bodice unlac'd, and her stockings unty'd.
By nature quite careless, and merry and wild,
Was resolv'd to be treated no more like a child.

Quoth the first, ' 'Tis a shame to lie dreaming
' a-bed,

' With your heels kick'd aloft, and as high as your
' head ;

' To lie tumbling and tossing above, while the pot
' Is set on for the tea, and the water half hot.

' No pray'rs are repeated, nor chapter once read,

' From twelve when you rise, till twelve when to-
' bed :

' With romping companions delighted to prance,

' You mind neither needle, nor sermon, nor dance.

' At *Pam*, or at cribbage, you trifle your hours,

' Asleep till past ten, and at night at all-fours.

' Pray, *Bet*, let your age in your wisdom be seen,

' For maids should begin to look grave at fifteen.

With that she took fire, and ran up to her glass,
Admiring her shape, and her air, and her face ;

Well pleas'd with her beauty, her stature and size,
 So much like a woman's, her neck and her eyes ;
 And, thinking herself full as wise as the best,
 Half pleas'd, and half mad, thus her sisters address :

‘ Whate’er your pretence is, you envy your
Betty,

‘ For being so gay, and so young, and so pretty ;
 ‘ Because I am fairer and younger than you,
 ‘ Is the reason you call me so often miss *Prue*.
 ‘ My blooming bright charms do your beauties dis-
 ‘ grace,

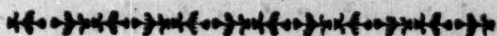
‘ And your quarrel is not at my folly, but face.
 ‘ Must a body for ever be jumbled up stairs,
 ‘ And be scolded away to one’s bobbins and pray’rs ?
 ‘ To read a good book, perhaps lose a good meal,
 ‘ As if one was born to do nothing but kneel ?
 ‘ To hum o’er a chapter, be call’d from a dance,
 ‘ And, for piety’s practice, throw down a romance ?
 ‘ And then I’m call’d child, little *Betty*, and miss,
 ‘ As if I had still my wax baby to kiss ;
 ‘ Tho’ perhaps I may know, well as other folks can,
 ‘ The cheeks of a doll from the lips of a man.
 ‘ For, according as nature has fashioned the skull,
 ‘ Some are wise at fifteen, some at fifty are dull.
 ‘ Then you, madam *Mary*, and you, Mrs. *Kate*,
 ‘ Pray spare your reproofs, for they now come too
 ‘ late.

‘ To be grave as yourselves, I shall never despair,
 ‘ Having wisdom enough, and a little to spare.’

With

With that they turn'd tail, and straight shut to
the door,

Consulted their glass, and chid *Betty* no more.



THE P I G;

O R,

CONJUGAL OBEDIENCE.

A T A L E.

SOME husbands, on a Winter's day,
Were met to laugh their spleen away.
As wine flows in, and spirits rise,
They praise their consorts to the skies.
Obedient wives are seldom known,
Yet all could answer for their own;
Acknowledg'd each as sov'reign lord,
Abroad, at home, in deed, and word;
In short, as absolute their reign, as
Turkish monarchs o'er Sultanas.
For pride or shame to be outdone,
All join'd in the discourse but one,
Who vex'd so many lies to hear,
Thus stops their arrogant career:
'Tis mighty strange, Sirs, what you say,
What! all so absolutely sway!

In *England*! where *Italians* wife,
 Have plac'd the woman's paradise!
 In *London*! where the sex's flower,
 Have of that *Eden* fix'd the bower?
 Fie! men of sense to be so vain,
 You're not in *Turky*, or in *Spain*,
 True *Britons* all; I'll lay my life,
 None here is master of his wife.

These words the gen'ral fury rouze,
 And all the common cause espouse;
 Till one, with voice superior said,
 (Whose lungs were sounder than his head)
 I'll send my footman instant home,
 To bid his mistress hither come;
 And, if she flies not at my call,
 To own my pow'r before you all,
 I'll grant I'm henpeck'd, if you please,
 As *Sherlock*, or as *Socrates*.

Hold there, replies th' objector sly,
 Prove first that women never lie;
 Else, words are wind — To tell you true,
 I credit neither them, nor you:
 No, we'll be judg'd a surer way,
 By what they *do*, not what they *say*.
 I'll hold you sev'rally that boast,
 A supper at the loser's cost,
 That if you'll but vouchsafe to try,
 A *trick* I'll tell you by-and-by;
 Send straight for every wife quite round,
 One mother's daughter is not found,

But

But what before her husband's face,
Point blank his orders disobey.
To this they one and all consent,
The wager's laid, the summons went.

Meanwhile he this instruction gives,
Pray only gravely tell your wives,
Your *will* and *pleasure* is t'invite
These friends to a *boil'd pig* to-night.
More frequent that the trick has been
The greater chance have you to win :
The treat is mine, if they refuse ;
But if they *boil* it, then I lose.

The first, to whom the message came,
Was a well-born and haughty dame ;
A faucy independent she,
With jointure, and with *pin-money* ;
Secur'd by marriage-deeds from wants,
Without a sep'rate maintenance.
Her loftiness disdain'd to hear,
Half thro', her husband's messenger,
But cut him short, with — how dare he,
'Mongst pot-companions, mention me ?
He knows his way, if sober, home ;
And, if he wants me, let him come.

This answer, hastily return'd,
Pleas'd all, but him whom it concern'd :
For each one thought his wife on trial,
Would brighter shine by this denial.

The second was a lady gay,
Who lov'd to visit, dress, and play ;

To spark it in the box or ring,
 And dance on birth-nights for the king :
 Whose head was busy wont to be
 With something else than cookery.
 She, hearing of her husband's name,
 Tho' much a gentlewoman, came ;
 When, half inform'd of his request,
 A dish, as he desir'd it, drest : —
 Quoth madam, with a serious face,
 (Without enquiring what it was)
 You can't, sure, for an answer look :
 Sir, do you take me for your *cook* ?
 But I must haste, a friend to see,
 Who stays my coming for her tea.
 So said, that minute out she flew. —
 What could the slighted husband do ?
 His wager lost, must needs appear,
 For none *obey*, that will not *hear*.

The next, for housewifry renown'd,
 A woman notable was own'd,
 Who hated idleness and airs,
 And minded family affairs ;
 Expert in every thing was she,
 At needle-work, or surgery :
 Fam'd for her liquors, far and near,
 From richest cordials to small-beer :
 To serve a feast she understood,
 In *English*, or in foreign mode.
 Whate'er the wanton taste could chuse,
 In kickshaws, sauces, or ragous :

She

She spar'd for neither cost nor pain,
Her welcome guests to entertain.
Her husband fair accosts her thus :
To-night these friends will sup with us.
She answer'd with a smile, my dear,
Your friends are always welcome there.
— But we desire a pig, and pray
You'll boil it. Boil it ! did you say ?
I hope you'll give me leave to know
My business better, Sir, than so.
Why, ne'er in any book was yet
Found such a whimsical receipt :
My dressing none need be afraid of,
But such a dish was never heard of.
I'll roast it nice, but shall not boil it,
Let those, who know no better, spoil it.
— Her husband cry'd, for all my boast,
I own the wager's fairly lost :
And other wives, besides my love,
Or I'm mistaken much, may prove
As chargeable as this to me,
To shew their pride in housewifry.

Now the poor wretch that next him sat,
Felt his own heart go pit-a pat ;
For well he knew his spouse's way,
Her spirit brook'd not to obey ;
She never once was in the wrong. —
He told her with a trembling tongue,
Where, and on what, his friends would feast,
And how the dainty should be dress'd.

To

To night ? quoth (in a passion) she ;
 No, Sir, to-night it cannot be :
 And was it a *boil'd pig* you said ?
 You and your friends are sure run mad.
 The kitchen is the proper sphere,
 Where none but females should appear ;
 And cooks their orders, by your leave,
 Always from mistresses receive.
 Boil it ! was ever such an ass ?
 Pray, Sir, what would you have for sauce ?
 If any servant in my pay,
 Dare dress a pig that silly way,
 In spite of any whim of yours,
 I'll turn her quickly out of doors,
 For no such thing (nay, never frown)
 Where I am mistress, shall be done.
 Each woman wife, her husband rules ;
 Passive obedience is for fools.

This case was quickly judg'd. — Behold
 A fair one of a softer mould ;
 Good humour sparkled in her eye,
 And unaffected pleasantry :
 So mild and sweet she enter'd in,
 Her spouse thought certainly to win :
 Pity such golden hopes should fail !
 Soon as she heard the appointed tale,
 My dear, I know not, I protest,
 Whether in earnest or in jest,
 So strange a supper you demand ;
 Howe'er I'll not disputing stand,

But

But do it freely as you bid it,
Prove but that ever woman did it.

This cause, by general consent,
Was lost for want of precedent.

Thus each deny'd a sev'ral way ;
But all agreed to disobey.

One only dame did yet remain,
Who downright honest was, and plain ;
If now and then her voice she tries,

'Tis not for *rule*, but exercise.
Unus'd her lord's commands to slight,
Yet sometimes *pleading* for the *right*,
She made her little wisdom go
Farther than wiser women do.
Her husband tells her, looking grave,
A *sucking pig* I *boil'd* would have ;
And to prevent all *pro* and *con*,
I must insist to have it done.

Says she, my dearest, should your wife
Get a nick-name to last for life ?

If you resolve to spoil it, do ;
But then I hope you'll eat it too.
For tho' 'tis boil'd to hinder squabble,
I shall not, will not, sit at table.

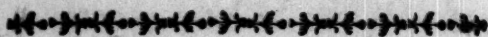
She spoke, and her good man alone,
Found he had neither *lost* nor *won*.
So fairly parted *stakes* ; the rest
Fell on the wag that caus'd the jest.

" Would *your* wife boil it ? let us see :"
Hold there, you did not lay with me :

You'll

136 THE BILLINGSGATE CONTEST.

You'll find, in spite of all you've boasted,
Your *pigs* are fatted to be *roasted*.
The wager's lost, no more contend,
But take this counsel from a friend:
Boast not your empire if you prize it,
For happiest he who never tries it;
Wives unprovok'd, still best obey,
And that you'll find the safest way.
But if your spouses take the field,
Resolve at once to win or yield;
For heaven no medium ever gave,
Between a sov'reign and a slave.



The BILLINGSGATE CONTEST.

A Piscatory LONDON ECLOGUE.

In Imitation of the Third Eclogue of VIRGIL.

OYSTERIA.

HO! *Nan*, whose fish are those that look so dry?

WELFLETA.

Young *Polly Melton* gave 'em me to cry.

OYSTERIA.

Unhappy *Polly*, who thy *stand* can leave,
And with vain hopes of *love* thyself deceive!

While

THE BILLINGSGATE CONTEST. 137

While you *Jack Tar* will court, but court in vain,
Fearing that I your failor shall obtain,
Here, *Poll*, another will thy gains devour,
Nor turn a lucky penny in an hour;
Thy tubs unwash'd, thy *Mackarel* forsook,
And two-pence funk in ev'ry groat that's took.

WELFLETA.

No scandal, madam, if you come to that,
Some may be told of you.—We know what's what.
When *Billy's* boat came floating down the tide, }
You with him at the bottom was espy'd, }
To kifs and toy, and something else beside;
Till the neglected boat ran close to shore,
And to some laughing maids discover'd your amour.

OYSTERIA.

'Twas at that time, since follies you rehearse,
When you, in height of kissing, stole a purse.

WELFLETA.

No; when beneath a tree in *Greenwich Park*,
You was with *Jenny's* husband in the dark,
Tore her lac'd coif, then raving, stamp't, and cry'd;
But for the mischief you for spite had dy'd.

OYSTERIA.

What lies, you, mistress *Impudence*, wou'd prate,
When you can tell 'em at so round a rate?
Did not I see you, madam, watchful stand,
To steal a ring from sleeping *Peggy's* hand,
Stroaking

138 THE BILLINGSGATE CONTEST.

Stroaking her finger with your utmost care?—
 But I came in, and rous'd the sleeping fair.
Thieves, thieves, I cry'd; defeated of your prey,
Like dog that's burnt his tail, you stole away.

WELFLETA.

Where'er we find it, we may take our own,
 The ring was mine, by finging fairly won;
 But *she* would never give me up the prize,
 Nor yet the truth of what I say denies.

OYSTERIA.

You sing with *her*! who are at best but fit
 To squawl a wretched ballad thro' the street;
 With *me* you dare not sing. A match I'll make,
 And boldly back my wager with a stake:
 These golden beads with which myself I deck,
 Which in three rounds, hang pendant on my neck;
 Do you stake aught of equal value down,
 The *necklace* win, and wear it as your own.

WELFLETA.

Of equal value I can nothing boast,
 At home a cunning step-dame rules the roast;
 Who tells each morn my fish into my tray,
 And to a farthing counts the profits of the day.
 Yet this I'll pledge, to me of more esteem
 Than any polish'd gold, or sparkling gem;
 This silver *thimble*, this my will shall prove,
 The latest token of my parting love,

Which

THE BILLINGSGATE CONTEST. 139

Which *Johnny* gave before last voyage he made,
And which, as yet, was ne'er to needle laid.

OYSTERIA.

To match your pledge, this silver *seal* I stake,
Which much I value for my *Tommy's* sake,
Who parting gave it, sighing on my breast,
And which, as yet, was ne'er on *letter* prest.
But haste, begin, nor thus the time prolong,
Let *Maccarella* judge of either's song.

MACCARELLA.

Sing then, my fair ones, for the coast is clear,
And all is peace as much as can be here ;
The market's o'er, then let your songs begin,
And I'll decide with justice who shall win :
By turns let each some tuneful ditty chime,
You'll please the more, the more you change your
rhime.

WELFLETA.

From *Cupid*, ruler of the Gods above,
My song begins, for all are rul'd by *love* ;
To him the care of maids and swains belongs,
He hears their *pray'rs*, and he applauds their *songs*.

OYSTERIA.

I seek no God, my *Tommy* me inspires
With as much love, and with as happy fires ;
To him, sweet youth, as ever cross'd the Sea,
To him, as due, my songs shall ever be.

WELFLETA.

140 THE BILLINGSGATE CONTEST.

WELFLETA.

My *Johnny* taps my neck in wanton play,
Then wishing to be seen, he trips away.

OYSTERIA.

My *Tommy* flies not, but upon my knee,
Swears he ne'er saw a maid so fair as me.

WELFLETA.

This crooked goad I'll send my swain, to prove
My heart is bent like this to him and love.

OYSTERIA.

But for my sweet heart I this ring design'd,
The truest emblems of a faithful mind :
This circle has no ending, this I send
To tell my love my passion ne'er shall end.

WELFLETA.

How oft has mine in fondest rapture swore,
He never chang'd his mistress with his shore :
Gods ! hear the sound, and bless the constant man ;
Shew such another sailor, if you can.

OYSTERIA.

But mine with more inconstancy will court,
And gain new mistresses at ev'ry port ;
Fond, tho' inconstant ; pleasing, tho' he's free ;
Yet none can keep the rover's heart but me.

WELFLETA.

THE BILLINGSGATE CONTEST. 141

WELFLETA.

I keep my birth-day ; from the coast of *France*,
Sweet *William* come, and grace it with a dance.

OYSTERIA.

I'm with sweet *William* more in grace than you ;
To me he swore at *Wapping* to be true :
Hoisting the sails, when he on deck did stand,
To me adieu he cry'd, and wav'd his faithful hand.

WELFLETA.

If you can tell, say in what foreign land
The golden ore lies sparkling in the sand ;
Where, as one river flows with comely pride,
It bears the wealth of *Europe* in its tide.

OYSTERIA.

Nay, tell me first, on what rich coasts are found
Spices that breathe their fragrant odour round :
Where nutmegs with their fragrant scents dispense,
And, in their balmy gales, can ravish ev'ry sense.

MACCARELLA.

Hold, maidens, hold ; for I shall never tell
Who sings the best, when both can sing so well.
Both ever happy be, and all who prove,
By turns, the various sweets and pains of love.



THE DISAPPOINTED MAID AND DROWSY SWAIN.

A T A L E.

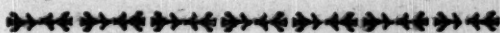
By Mr. *PATTISON*.

AS *Dolly* and her fav'rite swain
Were interrupted by the rain
From tedding out the fragrant hay,
Beneath a shelt'ring cock they lay :
When thus the lovely longing jade,
Unto the drowsy shepherd said ;
Nay, prithee *Lobby*, why so sleepy ;
Indeed—upon my word I'll nip ye.——
How pretty might we sit and chat,
Tell o'er old stories and all that.—
But you—O shame ! thou senseless beast ?
To snore it thus, and take your rest !
Lob, half asleep, made no replies,
Or answered with a grunt her sighs.
While she, to be reveng'd, arose,
And play'd a tickler in his nose.
(But some, the virgin to disgrace,
Will say, 'twas in another place.)
Be that as 'twill, she wak'd the swain,
And tickled him with words again.
Come sweeting, *Lobby*, come my dear,
I'm sure that nobody is near ;

Indeed

THE UNSEASONABLE SURPRISE. 143

Indeed we may, pray ben't afraid,
 Poor I am, but a harmless maid;
 For since you're so dispos'd to rest,
 Pray take a nap upon my breast.
 You see time, leisure, place, and all,
 For such employment seem to call.
 And you remember people say,
When the sun shines, then make your hay.
 Augh! Augh! quoth *Lob*, wak'd with surprize,
 To see the sun flame in his eyes.
 Heigh-ho! come *Doll*, for as you say
The sun shines, we must make our hay:
 So reach me there my rake and prong,
 'Twas well you wak'd—we've slept too long.



The UNSEASONABLE SURPRISE.

A T A L E.

AS *Tom* laid *Moll* beneath a shade,
 To play a game for maidenhead;
 With smacking bufs, and chuck o'th' chin,
 The prologue to the future scene,
 He thus address'd his bowzy *Molly*;
 Nay, pish, this coyness is a folly!
 Unwilling? blush? nay, pshaw—my dear!
 My love, came we for nothing here?

Alas!

Fast by the door she sat her down,
About her knees she wrapt her gown,
And knit both hands exact upon her,
What, in heroics, we call honour.

Comes a smart youth, who meant to dodge her,
And, 'I know you'—"Who? Cozen Roger?"

'The very same: lord, how you fit!

'Not speak a word, not move a bit!

'What makes you stand so like a post?"

"For fear my honour should be lost!"

'O, child, I'll help you at this pinch;

'Here's work, indeed, about an inch!

'But that same honour shan't be gone,

'I'll stitch it up.'—So said, so done.

From the dark room, content comes she,
And feels so pure, and grows so free—

She looks the vizards in the face,

And ventures to take half a glass;

After one turn, she cries, "I doubt,

"Roger, my honour is broke out:

"A stitch or so, I fancy, fell."—

So back they went; he stitch'd, 'twas well.

How, if well taught, a maid advances!

Next turn, she takes her man, and dances;

Of danger now so little notion,

That all the world admires her motion.

The dance scarce over, in her brain

The sense of honour comes again.

Roger, howe'er his work grew dull,
Bestow'd another belly-full.

At the next fally, ten times bolder,
 She claps a lawyer on the shoulder;
 She squeaks, and calls, and romps, and rigs,
 And lifts up coats, and pulls off wigs :
 " Here's such a pulling and a bawling,
 " I fear another stitch is falling."
 " Another stitch ! (quoth her provider)
 " The more I stitch, the rent's the wider."
 " Then, not to give you too much trouble,
 " What, cozen, if you stitch'd me double ?"
 " Madam, 'fore gad, (poor *Roger* said)
 " I would — but faith, I have no *thread*."
 " Hey dey ! no thread ?" (aloud she calls)
 " Why what's become of those two balls ?"



THE MERRY MONARCH;

OR,

KNIGHTHOOD A JEST.

A T A L E.

WHEN good king *Jemmy* wore the *British*
 crown,

A pleasant jest for highest wit went down :

A pun, a quibble, a conundrum quaint,

Oft made a bishop of a man no saint.

Smart

Smart repartees pass'd all for sterling coin,
 And wit was then as unrefin'd as wine.
 The king himself, so rest his merry soul,
 Could crack his joke—nor would his mirth controul;
 But laugh full hearty if the jest was keen,
 Nor could the care of kingdoms give him spleen.

Thus story tells — As he rode out one day,
 To chase the stag, he lost, by chance, his way :
 The courtiers eager, scour the spacious field,
 While duty there did unto pleasure yield.
 Alone king *Jemmy*, with his usual grace,
 Kept riding onward in a common pace,
 Till near two clowns he came, who work'd full hard,
 Hedging a close, behind a farmer's yard.
 They spy'd the king, and from his awkward mien,
 Thought he some needy northern laird had been.
 ' Geud men (quoth he)—and then he made his bow,
 ' Ken ye which way the nobles rode just now ?
 ' My business leads me unto our king James.'

" I know him not in troth (quoth one)—it seems
 " He only minds his countrymen, while we
 " Labour thus hard to furnish out their glee."

' Ride on, (quoth t' other) man, you'll find him
 out,

' Surrounded by a gaudy *Scottish* rout :
 ' Fear not thy fortune, *Jemmy* loves a loon,
 ' And thou'rt some starving knight that wants a
 boon.'

" Weel fare ye (quoth the king) and o'my weard,
 " Geud character ye to your prince affeard ;

“ And Ise wat weel, it all gangs to his ear ;”
 ‘ Why then (quoth *Dick*) for once the truth he’ll
 hear.’

So saying, to a grove that lay in sight,
 On rode the king, and there thought fit to ‘light ;
 Out-stretch’d his royal limbs upon the place,
 And slept full sweetly on the verdant grafs ;
 No policies of state disturb’d his mind,
 But that good prince snor’d loud as any hind,
 Until the chace was o’er, a stag was dead,
 When duty found a place in courtier’s head :
 Nor had the noble train long fought their lord,
 Ere fast they found him on the gay green-sword.
 Hasty they then from reeking courfers spring,
 While, with a smile, up-rose the jocund king.

‘ My lords (quoth he) as you rid yonder by,
 ‘ Did you not, hedging, twa auld Carles spy,
 ‘ In leather doublets clad ?’ — “ My liege, we did,”
 (Quoth one) — ‘ See then (said he) them hither lead.’
 Straight they obey’d, and, as they dragg’d each
 clown,

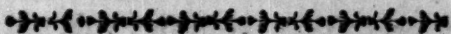
“ Ads me (quoth *Dick* to *Ralph*) we’re both undone,
 “ Yon man, we took for some poor begging knight,
 “ Is the king’s grace.” — ‘ Ods fish (quoth *Ralph*)
 you’re right.

‘ We shall be hang’d.—What will become of *Sue* !
 ‘ She’ll pine to death !’ — “ And so will *Marg’ry* too.”

Them at a distance when the monarch spy’d,
 He took the whynyard from his martial side :

Behind

Behind him on the ground its point he stay'd,
 As not much caring to survey the blade.
 Low on their knees the trembling wretches crawl
 And sweat with fear their heads should lower fall.
 ' Your names (quoth *Jemmy*) in an angry tone ;
 " Mine is poor *Dick*" — ' Mine *Ralph*, a sorry
 clown !'
 ' Weel (quoth the king) and gave their necks a
 strap ;
 ' Sir *Ralph*, Sir *Richard*, ye may both get up :
 ' Now knights ye are, and o' my soul I ween,
 ' Twa puerer knights in Scotland ne'er were seen.'
 A loud applause the fawning crowd express'd,
 To see two titles go to make one jest.



THE COBLER.

A TALE.

By Mr. S. WESLEY.

YOUR sage and moralist can show
 Many misfortunes here below ;
 A truth which no one ever miss'd,
 Though neither sage nor moralist :
 Yet all the troubles notwithstanding,
 Which fate or fortune has a hand in,

Fools to themselves will more create,
In spite of fortune and of fate.
Thus oft are dreaming wretches seen,
Tortur'd with vapours and with spleen;
Transform'd, by fancy's treach'rous eyes,
To glass, or china, or goose-pies.
Others will to themselves appear
Stone dead as *Will the Conqueror*;
And all the world in vain might strive
To face them down that they're alive.
Unlucky males with child will groan,
And sorely dread their lying down;
As fearing, that to ease their pain,
May puzzle doctor *Chamberlain*.
Imaginary evils flow,
Merely from want of real woe;
And when prevailing whimsies rise,
As monstrous wild absurdities,
Are, ev'ry hour, and ev'ry minute,
Found out of *Bedlam*, as within it;
Which if you further wish to know,
Go on, and read the tale below.

There liv'd a gentleman, possess'd
Of all that mortals reckon best:
A seat superb in wholesome air,
With gardens and with prospects fair:
His land from debt and jointure free;
His money never in *South-Sea*;
His health of body firm and good,
Though past the hey-day in his blood:

His

His comfort fair, and good, and kind ;
His children rising to his mind :
His friends ingenuous and sincere ;
His honour, nay his conscience clear :
He wanted nought of human bliss,
But pow'r to taste his happiness.

Too near, alas ! this great man's hall
A merry cobbler had a stall ;
An arch old wag, as e'er you knew,
With breeches red, and jerkin blue :
Chearful at working, as at play,
He sung and whistled life away :
When rising morning clads the sky,
Clear as the merry lark, and high ;
When ev'ning shades the landskip veil,
Late warbling as the nightingale.
Though pence came slow, and trade was ill,
Yet still he sung, and whistled still ;
Though patch'd his garb, and coarse his fare,
He laugh'd, and cast away old care.

The rich man view'd, with discontent,
His tatter'd neighbour's merriment ;
With envy grudg'd, and pin'd to see
A cobbler pleasanter than he :
And, by degrees, ('twas most uncivil)
To wish the cobbler at the devil ;
Who haunts him now like evil sprite,
From morn to eve, by day and night.

It chanc'd, as once in bed he lay,
When dreams are true, at break of day,

He heard the cobbler at his sport;
 His song was loud, but then 'twas short.
 For now his morning draught he took,
 And warm'd his nose with whiffs of smoke.

The Squire suspects, in gloomy mood,
 This silence boded him no good,
 And, 'cause he nothing saw or heard,
 A Machiavilian plot he fear'd.
 Straight, circumstances crouded plain,
 To vex and plague his jealous brain:
 Trembling, in panic dread he lies,
 With gaping mouth and staring eyes;
 And straining wistful both his ears,
 He soon persuades himself he hears
 One quickly running up the stairs;
 Sees the door open soon, and knew
 His dreaded foe in red and blue,
 Who, with a running jump, he thought,
 Leapt down his wide distended throat,
 Laden with tackle of his stall,
 Last, end, and hammer, strap, and awl:
 No sooner down, than with a jerk
 He fell to singing, and to work.
 If much he griev'd our don before,
 When on the outside of his door;
 How sorely must he now molest,
 When in possession of his breast!
 The waking dreamer groans and swells,
 And pangs imaginary feels;

Catches

Catches and scraps of tunes he hears,
For ever ringing in his ears ;
Ill-savour'd smells his nose displease,
Mundungus strong, and rotten cheese :
He feels him, when he draws his breath,
Or tugs the leather with his teeth,
Or beats the sole, or wide extends
His arms to th' utmost of his ends,
Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,
The ribs of any mortal side.

Is there no method then, to fly
This vile intestine enemy ?
What can be done, in this condition,
But sending instant for physician ?

The doctor, having heard the case,
Burst into laughter in his face :
Told him, he needs no more than rise,
Open his windows, and his eyes ;
Whistling and stitching there to see
The cobbler, as he us'd to be.

Sir, quoth the patient, your pretences
Shall ne'er persuade me from my senses,
How should I rise ? the heavy brute
Will hardly let me wag a foot.
Tho' seeing for belief may go,
Yet feeling is the truth, you know :
I feel him in my sides, I tell ye :
Had you a cobbler in your belly,
You scarce would flee, as now you do :
I doubt your guts would grumble too. —

That laugh but ill becomes you, Sir;
 I'd change it soon, could I but stir.
 Thou quack, that never hadst degree
 In either university:
 Thou mere licentiate, without knowledge,
 The shame and scandal of the college.
 I'll rouse my servants, if you stay;
 So, doctor, scamper while you may.

One thus dispatch'd, a second came,
 Of equal skill, and greater fame:
 Who swore (for doctors swear, if you provoke,
 As well as other sinful folk.)
 He swore, I say, his patient mad;—
 No one in *Bedlam* half so bad!
 To drive such whimsies from his pate,
 He dragg'd him to the window straight.
 But jilting fortune can devise
 To baffle and outwit the wife:
 The cobbler, ere expos'd to view,
 Had just pull'd off his jerkin blue;
 Not dreaming 'twould his neighbour hurt,
 To sit in *fresco* in his shirt.

Ah! quoth the patient, with a sigh,
 You know him not so well as I;
 The man, who down my throat is run,
 Has got a true-blue jerkin on.

In vain the doctor rav'd and tore,
 Argu'd and fretted, stamp'd and swore;
 Told him he might believe as well
 The giant of *Pantagrue*

Did

Did oft, as break his fast or sup,
For poach'd eggs swallow windmills up ;
Or that the *Holland* dame could bear
A child, each day, throughout the year.

The vapour'd dotard, grave and sly,
Mistook for truth each rapping lye ;
And drew conclusions such as these,
Resistless, from the premises.
I hope, my friends, you'll grant me all,
A windmill's bigger than a stall :
And since the lady brought alive
Children, three hundred sixty-five ;
Why should you think there is not room
For one poor cobbler in my womb ?
Thus every thing his friends could say,
The more confirm'd him in his way :
And more convinc'd, by what they tell,
'Twas certain, though impossible.

Now worse and worse his piteous state
Was grown, and almost desperate :
Yet still the utmost bent to try,
To wiser doctors he'd apply.

An old physician, sly and shrewd,
With management of face endu'd,
Heard all his tale ; and ask'd, with care,
How long the cobbler had been there ?
Noted distinctly what was said ;
Drew up his eyes, and shook his head,
Accosts him gravely in this fashion,
After mature deliberation,

With serious and important face ;
 Sir, your's is an uncommon case :
 For tho' I've read all *Galen* o'er,
 I never met with such before ;
 Nor have I found the like disease
 In stories of *Hippocrates*.

Then, after a convenient stay,
 Sir, if prescription you'll obey,
 My life for your's, I'll set you free
 From this same two-legg'd tympany.
 'Tis true, you're gone beyond the cure
 Of fam'd worm-powder of *John Moore* ;
 For if that downwards he be sent,
 I fear he'll split your nether vent :
 But then your throat, you know, is wide,
 And scarcely clos'd, since it was try'd ;
 The same way he got in, 'tis plain,
 There's room to fetch him out again :
 I'll bring the forked worm away,
 Without a *dysenteria* :

Emeticks strong will do the feat,
 If taken *quantum sufficit* :
 I'll see myself the proper dose,
 And then *hypnoticks* to compose.

The wretch, tho' languishing and weak,
 Reviv'd already by the *Greek*,
 Cries, what so learn'd a man as you
 Prescribes, dear doctor, I shall do.

The vomit speedily was got,
 The cobbler sent for to the spot,

And

And taught to manage the deceit,
And not his doublet to forget.
But first the operator wife
Across the sight a bandage ties :
For vomits always strain the eyes.
Courage ! I'll make you difembogue,
Spite of his teeth, the wicked rogue ;
I'll drench the rascal, never fear,
And bring him up, or drown him there.

Warm water down he makes him pour,
Till his stretch'd guts could hold no more ;
Which doubly swell'n, as you may think,
Both with the cobbler, and the drink,
What they receiv'd against the grain,
Soon paid with int'rest back again.
Here come his tools ! he can't be long,
Without his hammer and his thong.

The cobbler humour'd what was spoke,
And gravely carry'd on the joke ;
As he heard nam'd each single matter,
He chuck'd it full into the water ;
And then, not to be seen as yet,
Behind the door makes his retreat.

The sick man now takes breath a while,
Strength to recruit for farther toil.
Unblinded he, with joyful eyes,
The tackle floating there espies ;
Fully convinc'd within his mind,
The cobbler could not stay behind ;

Who

Who to the ale-house still would go,
 Whene'er he wanted work to do:
 Nor could he like his present place,
 He ne'er lov'd water in his days.
 At length he takes a second bout,
 Enough to turn him inside out;
 With vehemence so sore he strains,
 As would have split another's brains.
 Ay! here the cobbler comes, I swear,
 (And truth it was, for he was there.)
 And, like a rude ill-manner'd clown,
 Kick'd with his foot, the vomit down.

The patient now grown wond'rous light,
 Whipp'd off the napkin from his sight;
 Rais'd up his head, and straightly knew
 The breeches and the jerkin's hue;
 And smil'd to hear the cobbler say,
 As down the stairs he ran his way,
 He'd ne'er set foot within his door,
 Nor jump down throats to bellies more.

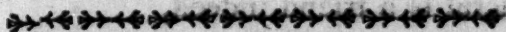
Our patient, now his inmate's fled,
 Is cur'd of crotchets in his head;
 His joy most gratefully expresses
 In many thanks, and many pieces:
 And thus, with much of pain and cost,
 Regains the health, he never lost.

M O R A L.

Taught by long miseries, we find,
 Repose is seated in the mind;

And

And most men, soon or late, have own'd,
 'Tis there, or no where, to be found.
 This, real wisdom timely knows,
 Without experience of the woes;
 Nor needs instructive smart, to see,
 That all on earth is vanity.
 Loss, disappointment, passion, strife,
 Whate'er torments, or troubles life,
 Tho' groundless, grievous in its stay,
 'Twill shake our tenements of clay;
 When past, as nothing we esteem;
 And pain, like pleasure, is but dream.



THE COW'S TALE.

*Humbly inscribed to the Worshipful Society of Old
 Batchelors, at the ***** in *****.*

STILL crost in love, and vex'd with spleen,
 Thus *Momus* vented his chagrin;
 And o'er a cup of fulsome ale,
 Told all his club this odious tale.

' Truth seldom needs the help of art;
 ' 'Tis best when bolted from the heart:
 ' The man, too delicate and nice,
 ' But rarely gives ye sound advice:

' Then

- ' Then let the foll'wing tale commend
 ' An honest, unrefining friend.
 ' *Clodio* two pretty nymphs had courted,
 ' And now with one — now t'other sported ;
 ' Had vow'd, protested, swore, and ly'd,
 ' With all the common forms beside.
 ' Love grows apace ! — for both are won,
 ' And something quickly must be done.
 ' Poor *Clody* saw the crisis near,
 ' He saw — but knew not how to steer.
 ' — Small judgment to direct his fancy —
 ' For *Peg* was fair as well as *Nancy* :
 ' And scarce a grain in either scale,
 ' To make this side — or that prevail.
 ' How useful is a friend indeed,
 ' To help one out, in time of need !
 ' — Such *Clodio* had — a friend in college —
 ' A fellow — yet a man of knowledge :
 ' But since he does not covet fame,
 ' 'Tis no great matter for his name.
 ' Deep learn'd he was in antique lore,
 ' Had read the casuists all o'er :
 ' Was vers'd in *Aristotle's* rules,
 ' And all the mazes of the schools :
 ' Nay, — (having often — since his youth
 ' Spy'd *falsehood* drest in modes of *truth*)
 ' He knew — as in the close you'll find —
 ' The real worth of woman-kind.
 ' To him in haste young *Clody* hies,
 ' And thus accosts him for advice.'

“ Two

“ Two girls there are of honest fame,
“ (And here he told each fair one's name)
“ Of equal beauty, equal spirit ;
“ And faith ! to me of equal merit.
“ I know no difference — I vow ;
“ But — that *Peg*'s richer by a cow.
“ Now, Sir, I own I've courted both,
“ Yet — thinking soon to *plight my troth*,
“ And since the chusing of a wife
“ Is certain weal, or woe, for life ; —
“ Methinks I'd make a prudent choice,
“ And fain be govern'd by your voice.
“ Good Sir, assist me to decide
“ Which I had best to make my bride.”

The matter had so little in it,
The sage was ready in a minute.

‘ Idiot ! — quoth he — it makes me mad
‘ To see so ignorant a lad !
‘ What folly has possess'd thy mind !
‘ I never thought thou wert so blind.
‘ Amongst the sex — thou silly goose !
‘ Trust me there's not a *cow* to choose.’



THE ARTFUL WIFE,

A TALE.

By E. B.

A Country farmer, faint, or finner,
 No matter — ask'd the *priest* to dinner,
 And order'd *Nell*, his buxom bride,
 Of fowls a couple to provide ;
 Her stock of poultry she survey'd,
 And instantly his will obey'd ;
 Early next morn the table spread,
 Knives, forks, and plates, in order laid :
 But mark, what haps 'twixt lip and cup !
 The roast just ready to take up,
 In came a neighbour, big with child,
 Who red'ned, lick'd her lips, and smil'd,
 Curt'sy'd, then said, with plaintive sigh,
 Ah, *Nell* ! I certainly shall die !
 The child within me kicks and jumps,
 My heart against my bodice thumps ;
 I tremble, faint, and long to eat
 A limb of that delicious meat.

The *good wife*, pitying her condition,
 With freedom granted her petition ;
 Desir'd no longer she'd implore her,
 But drew the fowls and set before her,
 Of which, *Nan*, tho' no glutton known,
 With eagerness pick'd ev'ry bone ;

Then

Then thank'd her friend, aſham'd to ſtay,
And well contented trip'd away.

Nell pauſ'd awhile, and ſcratch'd her head,
At length in broken accents ſaid :

“ What's to be done ? — I'm here alone ! —

“ The *parſon's* bit ! — The birds are flown !

“ My *huſband's* anger much I fear —

“ And dinner time too, now draws near.

“ Hard caſe !” Then rallied all her wit,

Remov'd the dripping pan and ſpit,

Cover'd the fragments in her ire,

And ſat the diſh down to the fire.

Mean time came in her loving ſpouſe,

Who looking wiſtly round the houſe,

Said, ‘ What's become o'th' pullets, *Nelly* ?’

‘ Are all things ready for the belly ?’

She ſmiling answer'd, “ Yes, my dear,

“ To keep 'em warm, I put 'em there ;

“ You ſtep up ſtairs, change ſhoes and hoſe,

“ And ſhirt ; and don your *Sunday clothes*,

“ For to be clean, and neat you know,

“ Does moſt reſpect to ſtrangers ſhow ;

“ Then to the parlour take ſome wood in,

“ While I diſh up the beef and pudding.”

John, ignorant of all, comply'd.

‘ So far, ſo good,’ ſays *Nell* aſide ;

‘ I've fobb'd off one, without much pother,

‘ Aſſiſt me, art, to manage t'other.’

Before the *farmer* was half drefs'd,

Enters the door his *rev'rend* gueſt,

Salutes the dame with awe profound,
 Who blush'd and curt'fy'd to the ground;
 Then rose, and panting quick for breath,
 She cry'd, "I'm frighted, Sir, to death!
 "Nor can you guess what vile occasion
 "Has rais'd my husband's indignation.
 "A jealous fit has seiz'd his head,
 "That you hath oft defil'd his bed;
 "And swears, by all that's great and good,
 "He'll geld your rev'rence."—"Flesh and blood!"
 "For which intent, upon my life,
 "He's gone to wet his trusty knife."
 "His knife!" said he, "and is it true?
 "Direct me woman what to do.
 "For tho', 'tis sure, I never use 'em,
 "I shou'd be very loth to lose 'em,
 "And well, I ween, the text is meet,
 "That priestly C——ds should be compleat."*
 "Fly then," said she, "this instant run,
 "And by your flight the danger shun."
 Forth at the door, without delay,
 He rush'd; and, as he ran, did say,
 "Nor men nor fiends shall bar my way."

Thus when a man, his passion heating,
 Prepares to give his rib a beating,
 As runs the wife to save her bones,
 So runs the *priest* to save his *****.

Things thus far answ'ring to her wish,
Nell laugh'd, — then hid the empty dish,

* See Leviticus, Chap. xxi.

And bustling fast as she was able,
Set beef and pudding on the table.
The *parson* almost out of sight,
She call'd down *John*, as in a fright ;
Told him, the *doctor* could not stay,
But with him took the fowls away.
John, to appease his help-mate's grief,
Immediately pursu'd the thief ;
And ran, and flew along the plain ;
But all his efforts prov'd in vain.
The frightened *priest* his toil renew'd,
And fled as fast as *John* pursu'd.

John, almost tir'd, bemoan'd his fate,
And offer'd to capitulate ;
Call'd out amain, and begg'd for one :
" No," says the *parson*, " I'll spare none."
On this, *John* sweating home return'd,
Stifled his rage that inward burn'd,
With seeming ease, and feign'd content,
Sat down in peace, to dinner went,
And pitying *Nell* for usage rough,
Thank'd God that he had meat enough.

Vain man ! by every passion tost,
No more superior wisdom boast ;
No more your strength or pow'r display,
Deluded, jilted, ev'ry day.
To *female* charms, or *female* wit,
You all must yield, and all submit ;
And from the *cottage* to the *crown*,
The *farmer's foible's* handed down.

THE MISFORTUNE.

A TALE.

Mulieri ne crede, ne mortua quidem.

A Scolding wife so long asleep possess'd,
 Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest:
Sable was call'd, to hang the room with black;
 And all their cheer was sugar, rolls, and sack.
 Two mourning mutes stood sentry at the door;
 And *silence* reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
 The cloaks and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
 They march'd, in woeful pomp, to *Abchurch-yard*:
 When see, of narrow streets what mischiefs come!
 The very dead can't pass in quiet home.
 By some rude jolt the coffin-lid was broke;
 And madam, from her dream of death awoke.
 Now all was spoil'd: the undertaker's pay,
 Sour faces, cakes and wine quite thrown away.
 But some years after, when the former scene
 Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
 The tender husband took especial care
 To keep the passage from disturbance clear;
 Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
 Nor put his dear in such another fright.



THE E S P O U S A L.
A SOBER ECLOGUE.

Between two of the People called Quakers.

By Mr. G A R.

BENEATH the shadow of a beaver hat,
Meek *Caleb* at a silent meeting sat;
His eye-balls oft forgot the holy trance,
While *Tabitha* demure, return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, *Caleb* silence broke,
And *Tabitha* her inward yearnings spoke.

CALEB.

Beloved, see how all things follow love,
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove;
Yet fondled lambs their innocence secure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure;
O fairest of our sisters, let me be
The billing dove, and fondling lamb to thee.

TABITHA.

But, *Caleb*, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the sober kind,
Not the mockaws, all deck'd in scarlet pride,
Entice their mild and modest hearts aside;
But thou, vain man, beguil'd by Popish shows,
Doatest on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.

If

If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in summer skies ;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.

CALEB.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When vice mis-led me through the harlot's ways ;
When I with wanton look thy sex beheld,
And nature with each wanton look rebell'd ;
Then parti-colour'd pride my heart might move
With lace ; the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All such-like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour ;
But now I feel the spousal love within,
And spousal love no sister holds a sin.

TABITHA.

I know thou longest for the flaunting maid,
Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd ;
The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes ;
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine !
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine !

CALEB.

How bitter are thy words ! forbear to teaze,
I too might blame—but love delights to please.
Why should I tell thee, that when last the sun
Painted the downy peach of *Newington*,

Josiah

Josiah led thee through the garden's walk,
 And mingled melting kisses with his talk?
 Ah jealousy! turn, turn thine eyes aside,
 How can I see that watch adorn thy side?
 For verily no gift the sisters take
 For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

TABITHA.

I own, *Josiah* gave the golden toy,
 Which did the righteous hand of *Quare* employ;
 When *Caleb* hath assign'd some happy day,
 I look on this and chide the hours delay:
 And when *Josiah* would his love pursue,
 On this I look and shun his wanton view.
 Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move,
 The only present love demands is love.

CALEB.

Ah, *Tabitha*, to hear these words of thine
 My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
 When to the brethren first with fervent zeal
 Thy spirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal,
 How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
 Red as the cherry from the *Kentish* tree!
 When extasy had warm'd thy look so meek,
 Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek.
 With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine eyes?
 How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs?
 Words that with holy sighs might others move,
 But, *Tabitha*, my sighs were sighs of love.

TABITHA.

Is *Tabitha* beyond her wishes blest?
 Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast?
 Then hear me, *Caleb*, witness what I speak,
 This solemn promise death alone can break;
 Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
 And with immodest fav'rites shade my face,
 Sooner like *Babylon's* lewd whore be drest
 In flaring di'monds and a scarlet vest,
 Or make a curtsy in cathedral pew,
 Than prove inconstant, while my *Caleb's* true.

CALEB.

When I prove false, and *Tabitha* forsake,
 Teachers shall dance a jig at country wake;
 Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
 And with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABITHA.

If that *Josiah* were with passion fir'd,
 Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspir'd;
 In steady love though he might persevere,
 Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
 And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
 Light as the feather on the head of beaus;
 Yet I for thee would all the sex resign,
 Sisters, take all the rest — be *Caleb* mine.

CALEB.

Though I had all that sinful love affords,
 And all the concubines of all the lords,

Whose

Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful shame,
 Whose velvet chairs are with adult'ry lame;
 Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not sip
 The dew of lewdness from her lying lip;
 I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
 More sweet than powder which the merchants sell;
 O solace me with kisses pure like thine!
 Enjoy, ye lords, the wanton concubine.
 The spring now calls us forth; come, sister, come,
 To see the primrose and the daisy bloom,
 Let ceremony bind the worldly pair,
 Sisters esteem the brethren's word sincere.

TABITHA.

Espousals are but forms. O lead me hence,
 For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw,
True love is nature unrestrain'd by law.
 This tenet all the holy sect allows;
 So *Tabitha* took earnest of a spouse.



P E T E R.

A T A L E.

YE nine of *Hippocrenes* streams,
 Who send your poets rhyme in dreams,
 Dance undisturb'd to your own lyre,
 I ask no aid, I want no fire,
 To raise my verse to lofty strain;
 I sing no battles on the *Mayne*,
 Where *George* through fierce battalions broke,
 With glory cover'd — and with smoke!
 Nor shall I now attempt to tell,
 How *Gallic* squadrons routed fell,
 O'erwhelm'd with all the mighty force
 Of *Trenck's* and *Mentzell's* furious horse:
 But suit, if possible, my metre,
 To the low subject, tiny *Peter*;
 Who having lately lost his mate,
 The partner of his human state,
 Shrewdly reflecting, thus he said;
 Must I not live, because she's dead?
 Must I for ever lie alone,
 Because poor *Mopsa's* dead and gone?
 O sooner let the rising sun
 Forget his genial course to run;
 Or the prolific spring desist
 To pair each bird, and join each beast!
 What! shall the sparrow cock his tail
 At ev'ry hen in ev'ry vale?

And

And must I be confin'd to one ?
 Though she, poor creature's, dead and gone ?
 The bull may through the pastures rove,
 And bellow universal love ;
 Then why should *Peter* be deny'd
 The pleasures of a second bride ;
 Why may not *Tricksey*, young and fair,
 With *me* all human pleasures share ?
 O ! — *Tricksey* is contracted to
 My old friend *Atlas*. — Be it so,
 Says *Peter*, all that stuff I know.
 But if I traverse his design,
 Why then she's not my friend's, but mine.
 And what is friendship ? empty sound !
 No where in nature to be found ;
 A foolish thing, contriv'd to be
 A foe betwixt *myself* and *me*.

He next consults his wily brain,
 How, least suspected, he may feign
 To act the open, honest part,
 Yet hide the secret of his heart.

At dead of night, when nature lay
 Repos'd from all the noise of day,
 The patriot, the miser snor'd,
 His country that, and this his hoard,
 Had quite forgot in balmy rest,
 No anxious thoughts disturb the breast ;
 E'en lust lay calm, and envy slept ;
 But watchful treach'ry *vigil* kept ;

And *Peter* study'd all the night,
 How best to play the hypocrite ;
 Well canvas'd each deceitful wife,
Atlas the easier to beguile :
 At length determin'd to appear
 A mourner solemn and sincere,
 And hide the purpose of his life,
 With tears for a departed wife ;
 And thus the treach'rous, meagre elf,
 Began to practise by himself ;
 With rueful face, and down-cast look,
 With squeez'd-out tears, that grief bespoke,
 He cry'd, I can't support my life !
 Alas ! my dear, departed wife !
 Those lips, which I so oft have prest !
 Those arms that held me to her breast !
 Nor lips, nor arms, do now remain,
 To sooth my heart, or ease my pain !
 How oft, as on my lap she play'd,
 With sighs prophetick has she said,
 O must I die, — a wife and maid ?
 Hold ! I am out upon my life, —
 'Twas, happy I to die your wife !
 Aye, that will do : and I'm prepar'd,
 To shew more grief than e'er was heard.
 And then he snivel'd out the same
 In ev'ry club, where'er he came.

When *Cantileno*, to relieve,
 Or else divert his well-feign'd grief,

Would

Would tune his throat with martial strain,
 Of *George*, and *Dettingen*, and *Mayne*;
 Instead of chorus *Peter*'d cry,
 O that my poor, dear wife should die!
 Pray, *Cantileno*, do not bawl,
 I'd rather hear a harpy squall:
 Thy musick only splits my head;
 Alas, my dearest wife is dead!
 No joyous sounds shall reach my ear,
 No melody my soul can bear!
 Alas! all happiness is fled,
 My dear, my only wife is dead!
 And this the burden of his song,
 For ever dwelt upon his tongue:
 Like *Prior*'s turtle still he'd moan
 His poor, dear *Mopsa* dead and gone;
 Until the false, perfidious thief
 Had now no further use for grief;
 And with successful treachery,
 His cheeks from useless tears grew dry;
 As you'll see plainer by and by.

O love, thou bane of human joy,
 Thou foolish, false, mischievous boy,
 Thou plague to ev'ry faithful mind,
 True to the fop, to merit blind!
 The rogue, the hypocrite may be,
 But ne'er the honest, blest by thee!
 What are thy pleasures? nought but pain:
 Or thy rewards? but cold disdain.

Thou art the greatest curse on men,
As by the sequel may be seen.

The widow *Tricksey*, who had long
Rul'd tyrant o'er the gay and young,
Had something in her face and air
Genteel enough — not very fair ;
Sometimes coquetish, sometimes shy ;
In dress a perfect butterfly.
She walks with ev'ry step as true,
As a foot soldier at review,
Then sails along as if she flew.
She rolls around her wanton eye
On ev'ry fop that passes by ;
And now a scar, and now a dart,
She leaves in ev'ry heedless heart ;
And this, besure, without design : —
Her eyes, in truth, were very fine.
Sometimes their glowing lustre burns
The gazing youth ; and then by turns,
Like Winter suns, in clouds they're lost,
Her lovers droop beneath the frost ;
No warming gleams of hope remain,
They perish in her cold disdain.
Again they shine with all their charms,
More lovers round her rise in swarms ;
Like new-born insects, crawl or fly,
Brought forth by her enliv'ning eye.

The country Squire, who fondly grave,
Creeps at her feet, an humble slave,

From

From thence determines to aspire
To *charms unseen, to beauties higher.*

Whilst fops impertinently gay,
About her lips and bosom play,
And flutt'ring round her, vow they die,
Scorch'd by the lightning of her eye.

The sons of *Mars*, a gallant train,
Here try their vigour *all in vain* :
All their attacks can never reach
Her heart : — They *die within the breach* :
Fierce to th' assault each hero flies,
But all their *bluff'ring ends in sighs.*

The dapper priest in fervent pray'r
Calls on his God, — but ogles her :
And only still her smile provokes,
With all his *Jeroboam strokes.*

And thus with an alternate will,
She'll now give life, and now she'll kill.
But soon the tyrant's reign was done,
Her heart at last was fix'd on one ;
For him alone her bosom heaves,
And all her slaves for him she leaves.
His brawny back, his well turn'd thigh,
His spreading shoulders catch'd her eye ;
His joints with nervous sinews strung,
And his too soft persuasive tongue !
What widow living could resist,
When once she felt — how close he kist ?

She sighs, and seeks the lonely groves,
And muses much, for much she loves :

A thousand half-form'd thoughts she tries
 To let him know, — for him she dies ;
 And having rack'd her fruitless brain,
 For well concerted schemes in vain,
 Her passion all her pride o'ercame,
 And she resolv'd to own her flame.
 To her dear *Atlas* straight she flew,
 Around his neck her arms she threw ;
 Upon his bosom lean'd her head,
 And thus poor, trembling *Tricksey* said :

My dearest *Atlas*, if I be
 At once from pride and coyness free ;
 Without reserve, if once I show
 The secret love I feel for you ;
 By mine own heart I am betray'd,
 A miserable woman made ;
 With flames long hidden I'm consum'd ;
 O bear me in thy arms entomb'd,
 And take my fainting soul to rest
 In the lov'd bosom of thy breast.

The youth with soft compassion mov'd,
 At first he pity'd, then he lov'd :
 He gaz'd a while upon her charms,
 He held her panting in his arms ;
 His heart with sudden raptures beat,
 He felt a sympathetic heat ;
 His hands did round her bosom rove, —
 He fell, alas ! all o'er in love :
 Nor at the sudden change admire,
 All touch-wood he, and she all fire.

Cupid

Cupid ne'er join'd a fitter pair,
He *stout* and *strong*, she *young* and *fair*;

So round an oak's extended boughs
The twining honey-suckle grows,
And breathes upon it all its sweets,
A pay for the support it meets.

Their passion both in publick own,
Their love's the theme of all the town ;
But short the date of human joy !
He preach'd discretion, — she grew coy :
He thought her ways should be confin'd, —
She'd have them free, as blew the wind ;
And proudly shew'd she scorn'd restraint,
Nor would she e'en be *thought* a saint.

Is this her fondness ? *Atlas* cry'd,
My friend's assistance must be try'd,
And *Peter*'s wily brain may prove
Of service to reclaim her love.
Away to *Peter* straight he flies ;
Peter is crafty, but not wise :
Wisdom from great experience flows,
By just reflection nurs'd, it grows ;
But how to play the cunning part,
Is learn'd from subtilty and art.
Well, — *Peter* sigh'd, and stroak'd his chin,
(He'd got the woodcock in his gin)
And having heard him out, he cry'd,
If my poor *Mopsa* had not dy'd,
Her influence o'er this fickle fair
Had put an end to all thy care :

But what assistance canst thou have
 From me, a poor, dejected slave?
 O'erwhelm'd with grief for her that's gone,
 And all her sex resolv'd to shun?
 But for thy sake I would advise,
 That thou shouldst wear a smooth disguise;
 Lay no restraint upon her ways,
 But let her act whate'er she please;
 Give up her contract, set her free;
 And when thy open heart she'll see,
 Her fears of slavery will seem
 The airy phantom of a dream;
 And conquer'd thus, once more she'll burn,
 And grateful to thy arms return.

Atlas, a stranger to deceit,
 Did never once suspect the cheat,
 But pleas'd with *Peter's* grave advice,
 Which seem'd so void of artifice,
 Resolv'd to act a gen'rous part
 (The dictate of an honest heart)
 And gave her up her *billet-doux*,
 To shew he'd no compulsive views;
 In hopes her gratitude would prove
 Sufficient to recall her love;
 And thought the way to win the fair,
 Was being honest and sincere!

Alas! fond fool! that's all a dream,
 A fine imaginary scheme!
 Honour and faith may serve for chat,
 When ladies talk, — they don't care what;

And

And honesty, perhaps, may pass
On a poor, harmless, country lass :
But such old virtues ! so severe !
Tricksey was too polite to bear ;
And scorn'd to have her *modern taste*
With such *mean constancy* debas'd.
And *Peter* oft had let her see
How much he wish'd that she was free :
She may, he says, whene'er she please,
Or ride in state, or loll at ease ;
His servants, and his coach and four,
Are always ready at the door ;
His footman in a smart toupee,
Shall 'tend her ladyship at tea ;
While lambent flames in silver burn,
From silver spouts the liquors run ;
And *China's* ware in gilded pride,
Stands rang'd in order by her side ;
Whilst round about the gay and young
Dwell on the music of her tongue.

And now he tells her, all she'll find
In *Atlas* is a tyrant's mind ;
A surly growl, and louring looks,
With dirty study cramm'd with books :
And then his equipage is worse,
A pillion ! and a pyebald horse !
The servants to attend her call,
A cropt-hair'd boy, and poor old *Moll*.

Here *Tricksey* paus'd on what he said ;
A thousand things perplex'd her head, —

See

See *Atlas* walk ! with what a spring !
 And *Peter*'s such a tiny thing ! —
 But *Peter*'s honour'd with the gown,
 And rules, a magistrate in town. —
Atlas, I think is something too —
 An under-sheriff ; — that won't do !
 'Tis very hard, I find, to choose,
 Which of these two shall be my spouse.
 Which e'er it is, I forfeit quite,
Pleasures by day, — or *joys* by night.
 And is there then no method known
 To keep them both ? — There is but one.
 With *Peter* let me first engage,
 Let me secure the equipage ;
 And when the *Gordian* knot is ty'd,
Atlas may — *compliment* the bride.
 And pray now where's the harm of this ?
 He'll get — what *Peter* ne'er can miss.
 Besides, to set the matter even,
Peter may this way get to Heaven ;
 And may hereafter thank a wife,
 For joys in everlasting life.

But when will that *hereafter* come ?
 What would I give to know my doom ? —
 Here, *Sally*, bring my hood and fan,
 I must consult the cunning man ;
 And learn from necromantic art,
 How far the fates will take my part.

Near to her house there liv'd, it seems,
 A sage interpreter of dreams,

In fate and urine much concern'd,
No doctor living half so learn'd.
He could by urinal discover
A lady's fortune with her lover,
And to a day or two decide,
How long the patience of a bride
Should struggle with the marriage noose,
Before kind fate would set her loose.
These *points*, and *Tricksey's*, were the same,
She therefore to the doctor came;
And having gently touch'd his wand,
She ope'd her case, and cross'd his hand.
The doctor, without much ado,
Reach'd down a urinal or two,
And bid her choose, — nor mince the matter,
For she must first of all make water.
The widow having step'd aside,
The wide-mouth'd urinal apply'd, —
But could not for her life produce
More than one spoonful for his use:
Whilst he put on a solemn look,
First view'd the glass, and then his book;
And having mutter'd to himself,
He plac'd the bottle on a shelf,
And thus began: — Lady, attend;
You may be happy — in the end.
The quantity, indeed, is small,
Which shews scarce any *joys* at all:
Bubbles that on the surface float,
A feeble, short-liv'd man denote —

Hold,

Hold, doctor,—pray now let me know,
 Shall I die first? — Quoth wizard, No.
 Why then farewell, the widow cry'd,
 That's all I want! I'll be his bride.
 Thus *Peter* got a wife once more,
 And lavish'd out his little store
 Of sparrow's vigour, in an hour :
 And in a week, with constant toil,
 Look'd like a lamp that wanted oil,
 Almost expiring : harass'd out,
 Like post-horse whipt the world about,
 Or hunter over hedge and ditch,
 Or broom-staff rid by *Lapland* witch.
 I'faith, cry'd she, the doctor's right,
 He'll scarce hold out another night.
 And then my charming weeds once more!
 A widow in her coach and four,
 May, surely, her affections fix
 On one, — who'll raise her four to six.



THE FAKEEER.*

A TALE.

A *Fakeer* (a religious well known in the East
 Not much like a parson, still less like a priest)
 With no canting, no sly jesuitical arts,
 Field-preaching, hypocrisy, learning or parts ;
 By a happy refinement in mortification,
 Grew the oracle, saint, and the pope of his nation :
 But what did he do this esteem to acquire ?
 Did he torture his head or his bosom with fire ?
 Was his neck in a portable pillory cas'd ?
 Did he fasten a chain to his leg or his waist ?
 No. — His holiness rose to this sovereign pitch
 By the merit of running long nails in his breech.

A wealthy young Indian, approaching the shrine,
 Thus in banter accosts the prophetic divine :
 This tribute accept for your int'rest with FO,†
 Whom with torture you serve, and whose will you
 must know ;

* A *Fakeer* is a term amongst the *Chinese*, for a poor begging priest. Those pious cheats get a great deal of money by doing various acts of penitence publicly to excite compassion and charity. Some of them are seated in a sort of Sedan, the inside of which is like an harrow full of nails, with their points sticking towards them, so that they cannot move without wounding themselves. They are carried about by two fellows hired for the purpose of drawing money from the people by a purchase of some of the nails for the good of their souls, and for which alone, they say, they undergo so severe a mortification.

† FO is the reputed Saviour of mankind among the *Chinese*.

To

To your suppliant disclose his immortal decree ;
Tell me which of the heav'ns is allotted for me.

FAKEER.

Let me first know your merits.

INDIAN.

I strive to be just :
To be true to my friend, to my wife, to my trust :
In religion I duly observe ev'ry form :
With a heart to my count'ry devoted and warm :
I give to the poor, and I lend to the rich —

FAKEER.

But how many nails do you run in your breech ?

INDIAN.

With submission I speak to your rev'rences tail ;
But mine has no taste for a ten-penny nail.

FAKEER.

Well ! I'll pray to our prophet and get you prefer'd ;
Though no farther expect than to heaven the third,
With me in the thirtieth your seat to obtain,
You must qualify duly with hunger and pain.

INDIAN.

With you in the thirtieth ! you impudent rogue !
Can such wretches as you give to madness a vogue ?
Though

Though the priesthood of FO on the vulgar impose,
 By squinting whole years at the end of their nose,*
 Though with cruel devices of mortification
 They adore a vain idol of modern creation,
 Does the God of the heav'ns such a service direct?
 Can his mercy approve a self-punishing sect?
 Will his wisdom be worship'd with chains and with
 nails?

Or e'er look for his rites in your noses and tails?
 Come along to my house and these penances leave,
 Give your belly a feast, and your breech a reprieve.

This reas'ning unhing'd each fanatical notion;
 And stagger'd our saint, in his chair of promotion.
 At length with reluctance he rose from his seat:
 And resigning his nails and his fame for retreat;
 Two weeks his new life he admir'd and enjoy'd:
 The third he with plenty and quiet was cloy'd.
 To live undistinguish'd to him was the pain,
 An existence unnotic'd he could not sustain.
 In retirement he sigh'd for the fame-giving chair:
 For the crowd to admire him, to rev'ence and
 stare:

No endearments of pleasure and ease could prevail;
 He the faintship resum'd, and new larded his tail.

Our *Fakeer* represents all the vot'ries of fame:
 Their ideas, their means, and their end is the same:

* Some of those impostors pretend to see the Divinity in the appearance of a vivid light at the end of their noses, and will keep their eyes fixed to that point, for a considerable length of time, without moving them.

The sportsman, the buck ; all the heroes of vice,
 With their gallantry, lewdness, the bottle and dice ;
 The poets, the criticks, the metaphysicians,
 The courtier, the patriot, all politicians ;
 The statesman begirt with th' importunate ring,
 (I had almost compleated my list with the king)
 All labour alike to illustrate my tale ;
 All tortur'd by choice with th' invisible nail.



JUSTICE á la MODE,

A T A L E.

WHOEVER has a cause dependant,
 (Let him be *plaintiff* or *defendant*)

Must (tho' it is a curs'd hardship)

Bribe, who wou'd think it ? e'en his lordship.

For *justice* seldom can prevail,

A purse of guineas turns the scale.

In vain his right the *plaintiff* pleads,

In vain produces title-deeds ;

If the *defendant* will disburse,

And sily tip my lord a purse,

He, learn'd in quibbles of the law,

In *plaintiff's* title finds a flaw :

Right, title, equity must fall,

The *weighty purse* o'er-rules them all.

But

But lest you think I've got the trick
Of scattering dirt where none will stick,
That I lampoons and libels make,
And scandalize for scandal sake :
You who suppose the rev'rend tribe
Of *judges* scorn to take a bribe,
Pray listen, and a story hear,
Which makes what I've asserted clear.

Two neighb'ring gentlemen of late,
Fell out about a small estate ;
As it appears, the roll upon
One's name was *Jones*, the other *John*.
Each claim'd a right against the other,
Jones by the father, *John* the mother ;
'Tis true it was by most confest,
That *Jones's* title was the best ;
But *John* had got the staff in hand,
And took *possession* of the land ;
Possession, wisely he foresaw,
Would make eleven points in law.

The controversy soon grew high,
In vain a few good neighbours try,
That arbitrators may decide it,
Or that the estate should be divided.
Each, like two mastiffs for a bone,
Insisted upon *all* or *none*.

Thus terms of arbitration failing,
The *parson* likewise not prevailing,
Law must decide who's right, who's wrong ;
And so to law, they go *ding dong*.

Jones

193 JUSTICE A LA MODE.

Jones to a lawyer put his case,
And tells him how the matter was.
The lawyer (as all lawyers do,
When they have got a *cause* in view)
Tells him he's right; bids him go on,
And get ejectment serv'd on *John*.

If so, says *Jones*, why then with speed,
I authorize you to proceed:
Don't hang me up too long, I pray;
So took his leave, and went away.

The lawyer having full instruction,
With usual *fee*, the introduction,
To ev'ry cause, (be't good or bad,
The *fee*, Sir, always must be had)
Wrote to his agent up in town,
To send him an ejectment down.

Th' ejectment comes, is serv'd on *John*,
And all things properly went on.
To tell, I hold it needless, Sir,
How oft defendant did demur,
How many tricks and quirks he play'd;
(His lawyer, tho' I shou'd have said)
For then my tale wou'd quickly be
Long as a *bill* in *Chancery*,
And make the reader cry, I wish you,
Would bring your *tale* and *cause* to *issue*.

Well—to the point, (without digression,
And all rhetorical expression)
We'll now suppose th' affizes come,
Judge usher'd in with beat of drum;

By sheriff's-officers surrounded,
Before his coach the trumpets sounded;
Whilst every where the servile rout,
Roar in an universal shout.
So when of old from foreign war,
Some *Roman* chief, in splendid-car,
Return'd victorious, all around
The expanded roar of mob wou'd sound.

To make my simile more fit,
(For similes shou'd always hit)
Such were the shouts that fill'd the air,
When the poor fidler and the bear,
Cudgell'd, and beaten much, alas!
Were forc'd to yield to *Hudibras*.

Pray, with your similes have done,
Say you, and with your tale go on.
The raree-show being past, the riot
Made by the mob was hush'd and quiet,
The judge took lodging, where d'ye think?
Why, where he best could *eat and drink*.

It seems the cause *Jones contra John*
Stood first in *paper* to come on;
When *Jones*, the case considering nicely,
Came to a resolution wisely,
A present to my lord to make;
(Which judges seldom fail to take)
For tho', by *right*, th' estate was his,
A present cou'd not be amiss.
Thus fix'd, he to his lordship goes,
And after many scrapes and bows,

Thus

Thus he begins : " My lord, you see
 " Your humblest servant here in me ;
 " I have an humble suit to move,
 " And hope you will indulgent prove ;
 " Observing as through town you pass,
 " Your *coach*, my lord, was not the best,
 " Seem'd to be old, and want repair,
 " I've one will fit you to a hair,
 " As good a one as hands can make it,
 " I hope you'll be so kind to take it."
 " Be seated, Sir," the judge replies—
 " A very honest fellow this.
 " Speak on"—" Why then, (says *Jones*) my lord
 " I have a cause that must be heard
 " By you in court to-morrow."—" What
 (Replies the judge) " wou'd you be at
 " What ! *bribe* a *judge* ! to me a *bribe* ?
 " No ! *justice* only is my guide."
 Says *Jones*, " My lord, you quite mistake it,
 " I as a *present* only make it."
 " Oh !" quoth my lord, " if *so* you give it,
 " I as a *present* may receive it ;
 " All judges look on *bribes* as mean,
 " And, heaven be prais'd, my hands are clean ;
 " Yet, for your *kindness*, honest man,
 " I'll do you all the *good* I can.
 " Your cause is *right*, I do believe,
 " And I'll for you a verdict give."

Jones, well contented at the heart,
 Made a low bow, and did depart.

No

No sooner was the *plaintiff* gone,
But in comes the *defendant John*.

" My lord—as thro' the town you rode,
" I thought your horses were not good ;
" I've six fine *Flanders* mares at home,
" Not better are in *Christendom* ;
" For you, my lord, this year I've kept 'em,
" And humbly beg you'll now accept 'em ;
" But when in court, my lord, you see
" Your lowest slave, remember me."

" Ay!" quoth the judge, " why since you
" proffer

" Thus kindly, I accept your offer.
" Go home, and sleep content to-night,
" The *cause* is *yours*, your *cause* is right."

The trial came next morning on,
My lord a verdict gives for *John*.
Jones, (and good reason too he had)
His cause thus lost was dev'lish mad.
He straightway to his lordship goes,
And enters now without his bows.

" My lord, *says he*, you've us'd me vilely,
" Who wou'd depend on judge so wily ?
" When *right* was on my *coach* attendant,
" What ! give a *verdict* for *defendant* ?"

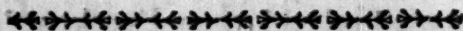
" Hold ! hold your breath !" his lordship cries,
And thus in manner sage replies.

" 'Twas not my fault, as God shall save me,
" Th' unruly mares, *defendant* gave me,

“ (In vain your coach and justice cry’d, Sir)

“ Drew coach and justice both aside, Sir.”

Thus *Jones* (to *Law* a great reproach)
Was stript of both *estate* and *coach*.



THE NEW-RIVER HEAD.*

A T A L E.

By ROBERT LLOYD.

A Genius once *incog.* came down
From his equivocal dominions,
And travell’d o’er a country town
To try folks tempers and opinions :
And now the night was pitchy dark,
Without one star’s indulgent spark ;
At the best house in all the town,
(It was th’ attorney’s you may swear)
He knock’d as he’d have beat it down,
Knock as you would, no entrance there.

* This tale is said to be taken from *Beroaldus*, and is, with some circumstantial alterations, the same that is told in a small tract, called, *A Conference between the late Duke of Buckingham and a Priest, whom the late King James the II^d. sent to convert him to Popery.*

But

But from the window cry'd the dame,
Go, sirrah, go, from whence you came;
Here, *Nell*, *John*, *Thomas*, see who knocks,
Fellow, I'll put you in the stocks.

He trudg'd away in angry mind,
And thought but cheaply of mankind,
Till thro' a casement's dingy pane,
A rufh-light's melancholy ray
Bade him e'en try his luck again.

So to this cot of homely thatch,
In the same plight the genius came:
Down comes the dame, lifts up the latch,
What want ye, sir?—God save you, dame.
And so he told a piteous tale,
Which he successless told before,
Your patience and my own would fail
Were I to tell it o'er and o'er.
Suffice it, that my goody's care
Brought forth her best, tho' simple fare;
No matter what was after said,
He ate and drank, and went to bed.
The dame and pedlar both arose
At early dawn of rising day,
She to her work of folding cloaths,
And he to travel on his way;
But much he thought himself to blame,
If, as in duty surely bound,
He did not thank the careful dame
For the reception he had found.

Hostess, quoth he, before I go,
I thank you for your hearty fare ;
May what you first begin to do,
Create such profit and delight,
That you may do it all day through,
Nor finish till the depth of night.

Thank you, she said, and shut the door,
Turn'd to her work, and thought no more.
And now the napkin which was spread
To treat her guest with good brown bread,
She folded up with nicest care,
When lo ! another napkin there !
And every folding did beget
Another, and another yet.
She folds a shift—by strange encrease
The remnant swells into a piece.
Her caps, her laces, all the same,
Till such a quantity of linen,
From such a very small beginning,
Flow'd in at once upon the dame,
Who wonder'd how the deuse it came,
That with the drap'ry she had got,
Within her little shabby cot,
She might for all the town provide,
And break both *York-street* and *Cheapside*.

Good news will fly as well as bad,
So out this wond'rous story came,
About the pedlar and the dame,
Which made th' attorney's wife so mad,
That she resolv'd at any rate,

Spite

Spite of her pride and lady airs,
To get the pedlar *tete-a-tete*,
And make up all the past affairs.

Now all was racket, noise, and pother,
Nell running one way, *John* another,
And *Tom* was on the coach-horse sent,
To learn which way the pedlar went.
Thomas return'd ;—the pedlar brought :
So in they came, and for his picking,
Behold the table-covers spread,
Instead of goody's cheese and bread,
With tarts, and fish, and flesh, and chicken.
And more the pedlar to regale,
And make the wond'rous man her friend,
Decanters foam'd of mantling ale,
And port and claret without end ;
Till eating, drinking, talking past,
The kind house-clock struck twelve at last.
The pedlar pleaded weary head,
Made his low bow, and went to bed.

The morning came—when thus the guest ;—
For this your entertainment's sake,
If aught of good my wish can do,
May what you first shall undertake,
Last without ceasing all day through.

Madam, who kindly understood
His wish effectually good,
Straight dropp'd a curtsie wond'rous low,
For much she wanted him to go,

That she might look up all her store,
And turn it into thousands more.

How shall I now my tale pursue,
So passing strange, so passing true!
When every bit from every hoard
Was brought and laid upon the board,
Left some more urgent obligation
Might interrupt her pleasing toil,
And marring half her application,
The promis'd hopes of profit spoil,
Into the garden she would go
To do that necessary thing,
Which must be done by all you know,
By rich and poor, and high and low,
By male and female, queen and king.
She little dream'd a common action,
Practis'd as duly as her pray'rs,
Should prove so tedious a transaction,
Or cost her such a sea of cares.
In short, the streams so plenteous flow'd,
That in the dry and dusty weather
She might have water'd all the road
For ten or twenty miles together.
What could she do? as it began
Th' involuntary torrent ran.
Instead of folding cap or mob,
So dreadful was this distillation,
That from a simple wat'ring job,
She fear'd a gen'ral inundation.

While

While for her indiscretion's crime,
 And coveting too great a store,
 She pifs'd a river at a time,
 Which sure was never done before.



AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

By *Mr. P R I O R.*

MISS *Danae*, when fair and young
 (As *Horace* has divinely sung)
 Cou'd not be kept from *Jove's* embrace
 By doors of steel, and walls of brass.
 The reason of the thing is clear ;
 Would *Jove* the naked truth declare :
Cupid was with him of the party,
 And shew'd himself sincere and hearty ;
 For, give that whipster but his errand,
 He takes my lord chief justice' warrant :
 Dauntless as death away he walks ;
 Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks ;
 Searches the parlour, chamber, study ;
 Nor stops, till he has *Culprit's* body.

Since this has been authentic truth,
 By age deliver'd down to youth ;
 Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous ?

Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,
 Make us less curious, her less fair ?
 The spy, which does this treasure keep,
 Does she ne'er say her pray'rs, nor sleep ?
 Does she to no excess incline ?
 Does she fly music, mirth, and wine ?
 Or have not gold and flatt'ry pow'r,
 To purchase one unguarded hour ?

Your care does further yet extend :
 That spy is guarded by your friend.—
 But has this friend nor eye, nor heart ?
 May he not feel the cruel dart,
 Which, soon or late, all mortals feel ?
 May he not, with too tender zeal,
 Give the fair pris'ner cause to see,
 How much he wishes she were free ?
 May he not craftily infer
 The rules of friendship too severe,
 Which chain him to a hated trust ;
 Which make him wretched, to be just ?
 And may not she, this darling she,
 Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,
 Easy with him, ill-us'd by thee,
 Allow this logic to be good ?

“ Sir, will your questions never end ?

“ I trust to neither spy nor friend ;

“ In short, I keep her from the sight

“ Of ev'ry human face.”——She'll write.——

“ From pen and paper she's debarr'd.”——

Has she a bodkin and a card ?

She'll

She'll prick her mind.—“ She will, you say :

“ But how shall she that mind convey ?

“ I keep her in one room : I lock it :

“ The key (look here) is in this pocket.”

The key-hole, is that left ? “ Most certain.”—

She'll thrust her letter thro'—Sir *Martin*.

“ Dear angry friend, what must be done ?

“ Is there no way ? ”——There is but one.

Send her abroad ; and let her see,

That all this mingled mass, which she

Being forbidden longs to know,

Is a dull farce, an empty show,

Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau ;

A staple of romance and lies,

False tears, and real perjuries :

Where sighs and looks are bought and sold ;

And love is made but to be told :

Where the fat bawd, and lavish heir,

The spoils of ruin'd beauty share :

And youth seduc'd from friends and fame,

Must give up age to want and shame.

Let her behold the frantic scene,

The women wretched, false the men :

And when, these certain ills to shun,

She would to thy embraces run,

Receive her with extended arms :

Seem more delighted with her charms.

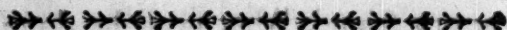
Wait on her to the *Park* and play :

Put on good humour ; make her gay :

202 SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

Be to her virtues very kind ;
Be to her faults a little blind :
Let all her ways be unconfin'd :
And clap your *Padlock* — on her mind.

}



The SPIRIT of CONTRADICTION.

A T A L E.

By R. L L O Y D.

THE very silliest things in life
Create the most material strife.
What scarce will suffer a debate,
Will oft produce the bitt'rest hate.
It is you say — I say 'tis not.
— Why you grow warm — and I am hot.
Thus each alike with passion glows,
And words come first, and after blows.
Friend *Ferkin* had an income clear,
Some fifteen pounds, or more a year,
And rented, on the farming plan,
Grounds at much greater sums per ann.
A man of consequence, no doubt,
Among his neighbours round about :
He was of frank and open mind,
'Too honest to be much refin'd ;

Would

Would smoke his pipe and tell his tale,
Sing a good song, and drink his ale.

His wife was of another mould ;
Her age was neither young nor old ;
Her features strong, but somewhat plain ;
Her air not bad, but rather vain ;
Her temper neither new nor strange,
A woman's, very apt to change ;
What she most hated was conviction,
What she most lov'd, flat contradiction.

A charming housewife ne'ertheless ;
— Tell me a thing she cou'd not dress,
Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies,
Nought came amiss — she was so wise.
For she, bred twenty miles from town,
Had brought a world of breeding down,
And Cumberland had seldom seen
A farmer's wife with such a mein ;
She could not bear the sound of dame ;
— No — Mistress *Jerkin* was her name.

She could harangue with wond'rous grace
On gowns and mobs, and caps and lace ;
But though she ne'er adorn'd his brows,
She had a vast contempt for spouse,
As being one who took no pride,
And was a deal too countrify'd :
Such were our couple, man and wife ;
Such were their means and way of life.

Once on a time, the season fair,
For exercise and chearful air,

It happen'd in his morning's roam
 He kill'd his birds, and brought them home.
 "Here, *Cicely*, take away my gun —
 "How shall we have these starlings done?"
 — "Done; what, my love? Your wits are wild;
 "Starlings! my dear; they're thrushes, child."
 "Nay now but look, consider, wife,
 "They're starlings" — "No — upon my life:
 "Sure I can judge as well as you,
 "I know a thrush and starling too."
 "Who was it shot them, you or I? —
 "They're starlings." — "Thrushes." — "Zounds,
 you lie."
 "Pray, Sir, take back your dirty word,
 "I scorn your language as your bird;
 "It ought to make a husband blush,
 "To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush."
 "Thrush, *Cicely*!" — "Yes." — "A starling" — "No."
 The lie again, and then a blow.
 Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
 And mar the pow'rs of contradiction.
 Peace soon ensu'd, and all was well,
 It were imprudence to rebel,
 Or keep the ball up of debate
 Against these arguments of weight.
 A year roll'd on in perfect ease,
 'Twas as you like, and what you please,
 'Till in its course and order due,
 Came *March* the twentieth, fifty-two.

Quoth

Quoth *Cicely*, ' Ah, this charming life !
 ' No tumults now, no blow, no strife.
 ' What fools we were this day last year !
 ' Lord, how you beat me then, my dear ! —
 ' Sure it was idle and absurd
 ' To wrangle so about a bird ;
 ' A bird not worth a single rush' —
 ' A starling !' — " No, my love, a thrush ;
 " That I'll maintain." — ' That I'll deny. —
 ' Your wrong, good husband.' — " Wife, you lie."

Again the self-same wrangle rose,
 Again the lie, again the blows.
 Thus ev'ry year (true man and wife)
 Ensues the same domestic strife.
 Thus ev'ry year their quarrel ends,
 They argue, fight, and kiss, and friends,
 'Tis starling, thrush, and thrush, and starling ;
 You dog, you b—— ; my dear, my darling.



THE INCURIOUS.

A T A L E.

By Dr. KING.

A Virtuoso had a mind to see
 One that would never discontented be,
 But in a careless way to all agree ;

}
 He

He had a servant much of *Æsop's* kind,
 Of personage uncouth, but sprightly mind :
Humpus, says he, I order that you find
 Out such a man, with such a character,
 He, in this paper now I give you here,
 Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
 Or rather you shall meet with harder fate,
 For I will break your back, and set you strait.
 Bring him to dinner. — *Humpus* soon withdrew,
 Was safe, as having such a one in view,
 At *Covent-Garden* dial, whom he found
 Sitting with thoughtless air, and look profound.
 Who solitary gaping without care,
 Seem'd to say, who is't will go any where ?
 Says *Humpus*, Sir, my master bade me pray
 Your company to dine with him to day.
 He snuffs ; then follows ; up the stairs he goes,
 And ne'er pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes,
 But looking round him, saw a handsome room,
 And did not much repent that he was come ;
 Close to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
 And lolling easy does for sleep prepare.
 In come the family, but he sits still,
 Thinks, let them take the other chairs that will.
 The master thus accosts him, " Sir, you're wet ;
 " Pray have a cushion underneath your feet."
 Thinks he, if I do spoil it, need I care ?
 I see he has eleven more to spare.
 Dinner's brought up, the wife is bid retreat,
 And at the upper end must be his seat.

This

This is not very usual, thinks the clown,
 But is not all the family his own?
 And why should I, for contradiction's sake,
 Lose a good dinner, which he bids me take?
 If from his table she discarded be,
 What need I care? there is the more for me.
 After awhile the daughter's bid to stand,
 And bring him whatsoever he'll command.
 Thinks he, the better from the fairer hand.
 Young master next must rise to fill him wine,
 And starve himself to see the booby dine.
 He does 't.—The father asks, what have you there?
 How dare you give a stranger vinegar?
 Sir, 'twas *Champaigne* I gave him.—Sir, indeed,
 Take him and scourge him till the rascal bleed;
 Don't spare him for his tears nor age:—I'll try
 If cat-o'-nine-tails can excuse a lye.
 Now, thinks the clown, 'twas wine I do believe;
 But such young rogues are aptest to deceive:
 He's none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,
 And how know I but 't may be for his good?
 When the desert came on, and jellies brought,
 Then was the dismal scene of finding fault;
 They were such hideous, filthy, pois'nous stuff,
 Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
Humpus was ask'd who made 'em?—Trembling he
 Said, "Sir, it was my lady gave 'em me."
 Indeed!—No more such poison shall she give,
 I'll burn the witch; 'ti'n't fitting she should live;
 Set

Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry,
 And pray, good Sir, may't it please you to be by.
 Then smiling, says the clown, upon my life,
 A pretty fancy this to burn one's wife !
 And since I find 'tis really your design,
 Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine.



H O L T W A T E R S .

A T A L E .

Extracted from the Natural History of Berkshire.

By Mrs. *M A R Y J O N E S*.

TWO Nymphs of chaste *Diana's* train,
 Both fair, and tolerably vain,
 One morning early left their beds,
 And said their pray'rs, and dress'd their heads.
 The coach was order'd, in they step,
 Not well awake, nor quite asleep :
 Of well-dress'd beaus a brace they chuse,
 At once for ornament, and use.

Their conversation need I tell ?
 Or who spoke most, or which spoke well ?
 Or how it ran of various things,
 Of queens and grottos, wars and kings,

Of

Of fortune-tellers, or the fashion,
Of marriage, or predestination?
In short, they settled all the nation.

}

Not many miles the nymphs were come,
Ere *Chloe* wish'd she'd stay'd at home;
Her lively colour comes and goes,
The lilly struggled, and the rose.

"I wish!" — Wish on, thou gentle maid;
Of wishes need one be afraid?

"Why then" — and whisper'd something low;
But what, or when, or where, or how,
None but the muse shall ever know.

}

Yet trust me, prudes, it was no more,
Than you or I have wish'd before:

Bright *Emily*, of royal race,
Might wish the same in such a case.

In short, — the lady — but no matter:
I'll never tell one earthly creature.

For why should I, in lays forbidden,
Unveil what *custom* would have hidden?
But lest the beaux, for beaux might blame,
Should hear, and after hurt her fame,
On each she cast a languid look,
And thus the heroes twain bespoke.

"What vast variety of woe
Does *Jove* let fall on folks below!

"Poor *Kitty*, who but yesterday

"Was all so giggling, and so gay,

"Is pouring now the frantic tear,

"And bares her breast, and beats the air:

" All

- " All comfort from her bosom's fled,
" For ah! her parroquet is dead.
" Now 'tis but civil, as I guess,
" To visit people in distress;
" If not for love, in spite, or joke,
" To see how horridly they look:
" For grief the fairest cheek will stain,
" And make folks look extremely plain.
" Then wonder not, if I alight,
" To do what's decent, and what's right,
" To visit first the hapless maid,
" Then pay the rite to *Polly's* shade:
" Whose grave I'll sprinkle —— with my tears,
" And mix my friendly drops with hers.
" Excuse me then — I can no more ——
" Here, *Thomas*, stop; undo the door."

Tom stops, and *Chloe* soon alights,
Looks pleas'd, but full of fears and frights.
Sir Fopling he must needs attend her,
And, with a speech, his hand will lend her.
" O no, *Sir Fopling*! — You'll excuse it;
" Time's precious, and we must not lose it."

Away she flies, as swift as wind,
And leaves the lover far behind.
At length a little farm she sees,
Surrounded by a clump of trees;
No yelping cur was heard from far,
The door had neither bolt nor bar:
So in she goes, and looks around,
But no expedient's to be found.

What

What shall she do ? Her wants are pressing,
And speedily require redressing.

In haste she trips it to the dairy,
In hopes to find or *Nan* or *Mary* ;
But not a living soul was there,
Nor cat to squall, nor mouse to stir.
In short, the bus'ness must be done ;
Time to consider there was none.

The cream-pot first she fill'd with liquor,
Fit for the thorax of the vicar.

Nay *Jove* himself, the skies protector,
Would call such liquor heavenly nectar.

So in a grot, I've seen enthron'd
Some river goddess, osier crown'd,
Pour all her copious urns around.

Hence plenteous crops our harvests yield,
And *Ceres* laughs thro' all the field.

A pan of milk, unskimm'd its cream,
Did next receive the bounteous stream ;
The bounteous stream in bubbles breaks,
And many a curious eddy makes.

O stop, dear nymph ; alack ! forbear ;
Spoil not our cheese ! our butter spare !

What will poor goody *Baucis* say,
To see her milk all turn'd to whey ?

The nymph was deaf, the noise was loud,
And who hear less than those that shou'd ?

So in an aqueduct I've stood,
And heard aghast the headlong flood :

What

What tho' with *Stentor's* lungs you call,
I hear you not, I'm deafness all.

The rite perform'd, herself much eas'd,
And *Polly's* gentle shade appeas'd,
Back to her company she flies,
Quite unobserv'd by vulgar eyes.
The muse indeed behind her stood,
And heard the noise, and saw the flood.

But when poor *Baucis* from the field
Return'd, and saw her vessels fill'd ;
How did she lift her hands, and stare !
And cry'd — " What fairy has been here ?
" I left this milk-pan yet to skim,
" And saw no bubbles on the brim !
" My cream-pot too was hardly full,
" But now it over-flows the bowl !
" Yet no disorder I can view,
" No six-pence left in *Kattern's* shoe :
" My pewter on the shelves have slept,
" The house too's neither brusht nor swept.
" Well ; guard us all, I say, from evil !
" For mighty watchful is the devil."

A large brown jug stood there apart,
The reservoir of near a quart ;
The liquor pure, as amber fine,
But stock'd with particles saline.
Now *Baucis*, who came hot from work,
Was very dry, her dinner pork ;

One draught, cry'd she, of good sound beer!

I'm thirsty, and no creature near —

Let's see what heav'n has sent us here.

She smelt it, and no full-blown rose

Sent half the fragrance to her nose.

It looks, thinks she, like cowslip wine,

And if not sweet, I'm sure 'tis fine:

However, 'tis a sin to waste it,

I'll e'en take heart o' grace, and taste it —

She drank, and down the liquor went;

"A little, and therewith content,

"We learn, says she, from good *St. Paul*;

"And sure content is all in all!

"Our beer is dead, but no great matter,

"'Tis better still than common water.

"We poor folks must make shift, 'tis true;

"Howe'er, to give the dev'l his due,

"E'en let him bake, but never brew."



THE SKILLET.

A TALE.

By Dr. KING.

TWO neighbours, *Clod* and *Folt*, would marry'd be;

But did not in their choice of wives agree.

Clod thought a cuckold was a monstrous beast,

With two huge glaring eyes and spreading crest;

Therefore resolving never to be such,

Marry'd a wife none but himself could touch.

Folt thinking marriage was decreed by fate,

Which shews us whom to love, and whom to hate,

To a young handsome jolly lass made court,

And gave his friends convincing reason for't,

That since in life such mischief may be had,

Beauty had something still that was not bad.

Within two months fortune was pleas'd to send
A tinker to *Clod*'s house with *brass* to mend.

The good old wife survey'd the brawny spark,

And found his chine was large, tho' count'nance dark.

First she appears in all her airs, then tries

The squinting efforts of her am'rous eyes.

Much time was spent, and much desire express'd:

At last the tinker cry'd, few words are best;

Give me that skillet then, and if I'm true,

I dearly earn it for the work I do.

They

They 'greed : they parted ; on the tinker goes
 With the same stroke of pan, and twang of nose,
 'Till he at *Folt's* beheld a sprightly dame,
 That set his native vigour all on flame.

He looks,* sighs, faints, at last begins to cry,
 And can you then let a young tinker die ?

Says she, give me your skillet then, and try.
 My skillet ! Both my heart and skillet take ;
 I wish it were a copper for your sake.

After all this, not many days did pass,
Clod sitting at *Folt's* house survey'd the brass,
 And glitt'ring pewter standing on the shelf,
 Then after some gruff mutt'ring with himself,
 Cry'd, prithee, *Folt*, how came that skillet thine ?
 You know as well as I, quoth *Folt*, 't'en't mine ;
 But I'll ask *Nan*. 'Twas done ; *Nan* told the matter
 In truth as 'twas ; then cry'd, you've got the bet-
 ter :

For tell me, dearest, whether you would chuse
 To be a gainer by me, or to lose ?
 As for our neighbour *Clod*, this I dare say,
 We've beauty and a skillet more than they.



HOLD FAST BELOW.

A T A L E.

By Dr. KING.

THERE was a lad th' unluckiest of his crew,
 Was still contriving something bad, but new;
 His comrades all obedience to him paid,
 In executing what designs he laid;
 'Twas they should rob the orchard, he'd retire,
 His foot was safe, while theirs was in the fire.
 He kept them in the dark to that degree,
 None should presume to be so wise as he;
 But being at the top of all affairs,
 The profit was his own, the mischief theirs:
 There fell some words made him begin to doubt,
 The rogues would grow so wise to find him out;
 He was not pleas'd with this, and so next day
 He cries to 'em as going just to play:
 What a rare jack-daw's nest is there! look up,
 You see 'tis almost at the steeple's top.
 Ah, says another, we can have no hope
 Of getting thither to't without a rope.
 Says then the fleering spark with courteous grin,
 By which he drew his infant cullies in;
 Nothing more easy: did you never see
 How in a swarm bees hanging, bee by bee,
 Make a long sort of rope below the tree?

}

Why

Why mayn't we do the same, good Mr. *John*?

For that contrivance pray let me alone.

Tom shall hold *Will*, you *Will*, and I'll hold you,

And then I warrant you the thing will do.

But if there's any does not care to try,

Let us have no jack-daws, and what care I!

That touch'd the quick, and so they soon comply'd,

No argument like that was e'er deny'd,

And therefore instantly the thing was try'd.

They hanging down on strength above depend,

Then to himself mutters their trusty friend,

The dogs are almost useless grown to me,

I ne'er shall have such opportunity,

To part with 'em; and so e'en let 'em go,

Then cries aloud: So ho! my lads! so ho,

You're gone, unless ye all hold fast below.

'They've serv'd my turn, so 'tis fit time to drop 'em;

The devil, if he wants 'em, let him stop 'em.



THE MAD DOG.

A TALE.

By Mr. G A R.

A Prude, at morn and ev'ning pray'r,
 Had worn her velvet cushion bare;
 Upward she taught her eyes to roll,
 As if she watch'd her soaring soul;
 And when devotion warm'd the croud,
 None sung, or smote their breast so loud:
 Pale penitence had mark'd her face
 With all the meagre signs of grace.
 Her mass-book was compleatly lin'd
 With painted saints of various kind:
 But when in ev'ry page she view'd
 Fine ladies who the flesh subdu'd,
 As quick her beads she counted o'er,
 She cry'd—such wonders are no more!
 She chose not to delay confession,
 To bear at once a year's transgression;
 But ev'ry week set all things even,
 And balanc'd her accounts with heav'n.

Behold her now in humble guise,
 Upon her knees with downcast eyes
 Before the priest: she thus begins,
 And sobbing, blubbers forth her sins.

Who could that tempting man resist?
 My virtue languish'd, as he kiss'd;

I strove,

I strove,—till I could strive no longer ;
How can the weak subdue the stronger ?

The father ask'd her where and when ?
How many ? and what sort of men ?
By what degrees her blood was heated ?
How oft' the frailty was repeated ?

Thus have I seen a pregnant wench
All flush'd with guilt before the bench ;
The judges (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault ;
They leer, they simper at her shame,
And make her call all things by name.

And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft' to tell her beads ;
Shows her what fairs could do her good,
Doubles her fasts to cool her blood.
Eas'd of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips ; perhaps to pray'r.
'Twas no such thing.—Why then this haste ?
The clock has struck, the hour is past,
And on the spur of inclination,
She scorn'd to bilk her assignation.
Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confess'd the same ;
The priest, who female frailties pity'd,
First chid her, then her sins remitted.

But did she now her crime bemoan
In penitential sheets alone ?
And was no bold, no beastly fellow,
The nightly partner of her pillow ?

No, none—for next time in the grove,
A bank was conscious of her love.

Confession-day was come about,
And now again it all must out.
She seems to wipe her twinkling eyes;
What now, my child? the father cries.
Again! says she—With threat'ning looks,
He thus the prostrate dame rebukes.

Madam, 'I grant there's something in it,
That virtue has th' unguarded minute:
But pray now tell me what are whores,
But women of unguarded hours?
Then you must sure have lost all shame.
What! ev'ry day, and still the same,
And no fault else? 'tis strange to find
A woman to one sin confin'd!
Pride is this day her darling passion,
The next day slander is in fashion;
Gaming succeeds; if fortune crosses,
Then virtue's mortgag'd for her losses;
By use her fav'rite vice she loaths,
And loves new follies like new cloaths:
But you, beyond all thought unchaste,
Have all sin center'd near your waist!
Whence is this appetite so strong?
Say, Madam, did your mother long?
Or is it lux'ry and high diet
That won't let virtue sleep in quiet?

She tells him now with meekest voice,
That she had never err'd by choice,

Nor

Nor was there known a virgin chaster,
 Till ruin'd by a sad disaster.
 That she a fav'rite lap-dog had,
 Which (as she stroak'd and kiss'd) grew mad;
 And on her lip a wound indenting,
 First set her youthful blood fermenting.

The priest reply'd with zealous fury,
 You should have sought the means to cure ye,
 Doctors, by various ways, we find,
 Treat these distempers of the mind.

Let gaudy ribbands be deny'd
 To her, who raves with scornful pride;
 And if religion crack her notions,
 Lock up her volumes of devotions;
 But if for man her rage prevail,
 Bar her the sight of creatures male;
 Or else to cure such venom'd bites,
 And set the shatter'd thoughts arights,
 They send you to the ocean's shore,
 And plunge the patient o'er and o'er.

The dame reply'd, alas! in vain:
 My kindred forc'd me to the main;
 Naked, and in the face of day:
 Look not ye fishermen, this way!
 What virgin had not done as I did?
 My modest hand by nature guided,
 Debarr'd at once from human eyes
 The seat where female honour lies;
 And though thrice dip'd from top to toe,
 I still secur'd the post below,

And guarded it with grasp so fast
 Not one drop through my fingers past :
 Thus owe I to my bashful care,
 That all the rage is settled there.

Weigh well the projects of mankind ;
 Then tell me, reader, canst thou find
 The man from madness wholly free ?
 They all are mad — save you and me.
 Do not the statesman, fop and wit,
 By daily follies prove they're bit !
 And when the briny cure they try'd,
 Some part still kept above the tide ?

Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
 High o'er their heads their fingers save :
 Those hands by mean extortion thrive,
 Or in the pocket lightly dive :
 Or more expert in pilf'ring vice,
 They burn and itch to cog the dice.

Plunge in a courtier ; straight his fears,
 Direct his hands to stop his ears.
 And now truth seems a grating noise,
 He loves the slanderer's whisp'ring voice :
 He hangs on flatt'ry with delight,
 And thinks all fulsome praise is right.

All women dread a wat'ry death :
 They shut their lips to hold their breath,
 And though you duck them e'er so long,
 Not one salt drop e'er wets their tongue ;
 'Tis hence they scandal have at will,
 And that this member ne'er lies still.

THE GAME OF PUT.

A T A L E.

DICK serv'd a widow of no mean esteem:
 He lik'd his mistress, and his mistress him.
 At meals, in trade, they always join'd their heads;
 And but a wainscot parted their two beds.
 Few cares disturb'd the current of their life;
 Nor liv'd they less in love than man and wife.
 Oft' in the ev'ning when their shop was shut,
 With joint consent they'd play a game at *Put*.
 Eager the youth, experienc'd well the dame,
 They sometimes play'd a rubber and a game.
 E'en in the night, when madam could not sleep,
 She rapp'd the wainscot.—Out would *Richard* creep.
 “Madam, d'ye *put*?” *Ay, Richard*, she'd reply.
 “I'll see't,” quoth *Dick*: and *Dick* would seldom lie.
 Thus ev'ry night she wak'd him twice or more:
 And, when sat in, she car'd not to give o'er.

Dick found, at last, that in long run the dame
 Would get by much th' advantage of the game:
 The night's expence was always at his cost;
 He never went one deal but what he lost.

The play well pleas'd him: but would that suffice?
 There was no sport, except she got the prize.
 This made him coy, and careful of his stock:
 He slept so sound, madam might knock and knock.

'Twas with reluctance when he once appear'd;
But if she knock'd again, he never heard.

Thus went some weeks at barely once a night;
At last, e'en that exceeded *Richard's* might:
Not that his duty knew the least decay;
But the truth was, he had no more to play.
The wainscot rang. — No answer was receiv'd,
Much madam wonder'd, and as much was griev'd.
Afraid, poor soul! that *Richard* had been dead,
And, in great anguish, starting from her bed,
She strikes a light; which in her hand she brings,
And views him closely, and pulls off the things:
Then feels his pulse, and listens to his breath;
Both weak, indeed; — yet without sign of death.
But, ah! from these what symptoms could she know?
For death had meanly fix'd himself below.

Exploring by degrees, she finds the place
Where the fell shade triumph'd in *Dick's* disgrace;
There lay the goodly ruins of his strength,
A lump of languor, and a lifeless length.
Her mighty grief what prudence could controul?
Flow'd her full eyes, and heav'd her inmost soul.
With friendly care she warm'd the morbid part:
But nature seem'd repugnant to her art.
Without succeeding, she put on the cloaths,
And stole, in silence, to her no-repose.

Dick did not sleep so soundly all this while,
But much he labour'd to keep in the smile.
Had he giv'n way — to *Satan*, or to grace,
He must have seen the game, or left the place.

Neither

Neither could well be done : So craft prevail'd ;
He snor'd the more, the more his dame assail'd.

Long madam lay not silent in her bed ;
Us'd to the game that still was in her head.
Time she conceiv'd, and nature would restore
Dick's dire decay, that mock'd her art before.
Just was her reasoning, had the proof been such :
But time she built on little ; nature, much.
'Twas always said, in story and in song,
Women think right, but passion leads them wrong.

Tir'd with expecting, and resolv'd to storm,
She gives the signal in the usual form.

Snug lies the youth, as yet in sleep profound,
Thrice rings the wainscot with a louder sound.

At length, as just now waken'd by the shock,
Dick utters faintly, "Madam, did you knock?"
Knock, didst thou ask? why here's a game to see :
But one may *put*, and *put* again for thee.

"Ah, madam, I know better things, quoth *Dick* :

"You've *seen my cards* ; and that's an unfair trick."



TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

By Mr. P R I O R.

FROM public noise and factious strife,
 From all the busy ills of life,
 Take me, my *Chloe*, to thy breast,
 And lull my wearied soul to rest.
 For ever, in this humble cell,
 Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
 None enter else, but *Love* — and he
 Shall bar the door, and keep the key.
 To painted roofs and shining spires,
 (Uneasy seats of high desires)
 Let the unthinking many croud,
 That dare be covetous and proud;
 In golden bondage let them wait,
 And barter happiness for state:
 But Oh! my *Chloe*, when thy swain
 Desires to see a court again,
 May heav'n around this destin'd head,
 The choicest of its curses shed:
 To sum up all the rage of fate,
 In the two things I dread and hate,
 May'st thou be false, and I be great.
 Thus on his *Chloe*'s panting breast,
 Fond *Celadon* his soul exprest;

}

While

While with delight the lovely maid
Receiv'd the vows, ~~she~~ thus repaid.

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Blest miracle of love and truth !
All that cou'd e'er be counted mine,
My love and life long since are thine ;
A real joy I never knew,
Till I believ'd thy passion true ;
A real grief I ne'er can find,
Till thou prov'st perjur'd or unkind.
Contempt, and poverty, and care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Blest with thy presence, I can bear ;
Thro' waters and thro' flames I'll go,
Suff'rer and solace of thy woe ;
Trace me some yet unheard-of way,
That I thy ardour may repay :
And make my constant passion known,
By more than woman yet has done.

Had I a wish that did not bear
The stamp and image of my dear,
I'd pierce my heart thro' ev'ry vein,
And die to let it out again.
No : *Venus* shall my witness be,
(If *Venus* ever lov'd like me)
That for one hour I wou'd not quit
My shepherd's arms, and this retreat,
To be the *Persian* monarch's bride,
Partner of all his pow'r and pride : .

228 TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Or rule in regal state above,
Mother of gods, and wife of *Jove*.

O happy these of human race!

But soon, alas! our pleasures pass.

He thank'd her on his bended knee,

Then drank a quart of milk and tea;

And leaving her ador'd embrace,

Hasten'd to court to beg a place.

While she his absence to bemoan,

The very moment he was gone,

Call'd *Thyrsis* from beneath the bed,

Where all this time he had been hid.

M O R A L.

WHILST men have these ambitious fancies,

And wanton wenches read romances,

Our sex will — what? out with it: lie:

And theirs in equal strains reply.

The moral of the tale I sing,

(A posy for a wedding ring)

In this short verse will be confin'd,

Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

THE LIBIDINOUS OLD COCK,
AND
PRUDENT OLD HEN.

A D U E T.

Inscribed to an old DEBAUCHEE.

By J. N.

RECITATIVE.

AN aged cock, who after chickens ran,
Him sifter hen rebuk'd, and thus began.

(Tune, When all was wrapt in dark midnight.)

H E N

Oh, ponder well, my chanticleer,

Of chickens think no more :

The brood's too young, I much do fear,

For cocks of sixty-four.

RECITATIVE.

To this advice (may ill such cocks betide)
In terms like these the wanton bird reply'd.

(Tune, A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall.)

C O C K.

Say no more, sifter henny, I love a young chick,
And am always well pleas'd when her feathers I pick,
When.

230. THE LIBIDINOUS OLD COCK.

When clucking about her, I'm quite young agen,
But I never can crow, when I'm with an old hen.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

H E N.

Ah, take advice, ere 'tis too late,
And chuse a hen that's old,
Beneath her wings she'll warm your pate,
And eke your gills when cold.

C O C K.

A plague on old hens, the whole race I detest,
Nor will I with one ever feather my nest.
In the stream my bill never with them will I dip,
And for me, one and all, they may die of the pip.
Derry down, &c.

H E N.

When on that comb she casts her eyes,
Those gills of purple hue,
Those spurs of such a frightful size,
What chick will roost with you?

C O C K.

I tell you once more, I'll have none of your frumps,
And had rather be capon'd, than mount their old
rumps;
Then give me a chicken with whom I may cluck,
And I'll warrant, in time, we shall get a young duck.
Derry down, &c.

H E N.

THE LIBIDINOUS OLD COCK. 2 3

H E N.

Ah, brother bird, full well I know,
No cock begets a duck,
A bastard brood you'll rear, I trow,
If you with chick will cluck.

C O C K.

You're right, my dear henny, in what you now
say,
So I'll follow no chicken from this very day;
A cuckoldy cock, ah, I never will be,
But the devil may take all the old hens for me..
Derry down, &c.

H E N.

Thou graceless bird, quite lost to shame,
At such a rate to talk,
That hens are old, are they to blame?
Or you, that scarce can walk?

C O C K.

Your cackling, my henny, with wisdom replete,
Has convinc'd an old cock that your argument's
meet;
No longer with chicks then I henceforth will roam,
But lead a chaste life with old henny at home.
Derry down, &c.

CHLOE'S

CHLOE's PLAY-THING.

A T A L E.

CHLOE, a nymph divinely fair,
 With portly mien, majestic air;
 Had often us'd ('twas then the fashion)
 An instrument for titillation;
 So oft, no lady in the land
 Was more expert at flight of hands
 So well she understood the art,
 So dex'trouly she play'd her part,
 What others did in half an hour,
 In half the time was in her pow'r;
 By all assemblies was caress'd,
 And gave instructions to the best;
 Teaches young virgins, pale and wan,
 (Without the assistance of a man)
 To bloom, look ruddy, fresh, and gay,
 And throw their chalk, and dirt away.
 Quickly restores lost appetite,
 And bids them revel in delight.
 For pity sake she does impart
 To antiquated maids, her art;
 Who all forsaken, plung'd in grief,
 Find now some comfort, and relief.
 Thus she her charity extends,
 And thanks receives from all her friends.

But

But see how nature prompts to rove,
To spurn the things we dearly love,
To quit what's good for what is worse,
And for a blessing, chuse a curse.

Thus *Eve*, the first apostate fair,
Who had an itch — no matter where —
Elop'd from youth, and vigour's charms,
And fled to *Satan's* footy arms.

But if we hold predestination,
As who would not, on such occasion?
And disallow free-will to any
(Tho' this indeed's deny'd by many)

We then in conscience must believe

No wilful sin in mother *Eve*;

For we, or single, or in chorus,

Must run the race that's set before us.

Cloy'd with the play-thing, not the play,

Chloe resolves another way;

Ten thousand methods does explore,

Experiments not known before:

Invention racks, in hopes to find

A thing more pleasing to her mind.

No *Philometh* e'er pump'd so hard,

To gain the longitude-reward.

Unhappy *Chloe*! fruitless brain!

I think, says she, but think in vain:

Revenge shall follow — passive hand

Obeys the tyrant will's command;

Seizes (for, oh! no bail was found)

And hurls poor play-thing to the ground.

Venus,

Venus, good-natur'd, frank and free,
 Griev'd to behold her votary,
 (Her faithful *Chloe*, heav'nly fair,)
 O'erwhelm'd with anger and despair,
 Places a *phantom* just before her,
 Too stiff and upright to adore her.
 From passion freed, with glowing eyes,
 She views the fancy'd toy, and cries,
 (First pointing, with a pleasant mien,
 To the late object of her spleen)
 If such a thing as this be good,
 Much better, sure, is flesh and blood.
 Thus chance does sometimes bring about,
 What art and thought can ne'er make out;
 And chance, says hist'ry, pourtray'd thus
 The foaming of *Bucephalus*.
 Raging and mad with hot desire,
Chloe resolves to quench the fire;
 Consults her glass, new charms to find,
 To make her lover doubly kind:
 She challenges a knight of fame,
 And punctual to the hour he came.
Sans ceremonie, they engage
 With equal fury, equal rage;
 Till passive *Chloe* faintly cries,
 Have mercy, Sir, or *Chloe* dies!
 And then breath'd short, and clos'd her eyes.
 The knight was deaf to all she said,
 For thoughts of conquest fill'd his head;

So brisk, and so robust he prov'd,
With such activity he mov'd,
No bridegroom eager to enjoy
The long-expected slipp'ry toy,
No younger brother, who, for hire,
Attempts to quench a widow's fire ;
No pamper'd priest, with brawny back
Could shew more vigour in th' attack.

Tir'd with combat, knight of fame
A truce with *Chloe* does proclaim ;
Most faithfully the truce they keep,
The knight withdraws, and falls asleep.

Chloe, uneasy in her mind,
Till she the source of bliss could find,
Roves, seeks, and finds the secret out,
And swears she'll try the other bout.
She views the sapless thing all o'er,
Which seem'd her pity to implore ;
She uses all her pow'r and art,
New life, new vigour to impart ;
She gently strokes and rubs its head,
But — has not skill to raise the dead :
For when the vital oil is gone,
Recruits must come from time alone.

Pity to indignation turns,
And *Chloe* her good office mourns :
Then with her finger and a thumb
She toss'd about the deaf and dumb,
And cry'd, with a disdainful air,
Faugh ! what a silly bauble's here !

THE LONGITUDE found out.

A T A L E.

NATURE on all some gifts bestows,
 Which with the kindred fancy goes ;
 And some she forms for martial deeds,
 And some for softer acts she breeds,
 And some for courts, and some for caves ;
 And some for kings, and some for slaves .

To each the diff'rent minds unites,
 And varies each in his delights.
 Some love the chace, and some despise
 The eager hound and hunter's cries :
 Thus as the diff'rent fancy leads,
 The diff'rent happiness succeeds .

In lib'ral arts was *Sylvius* bred,
 And many authors had he read :
 Well could he speak in worth's applause,
 But ne'er was warm in beauty's cause.
 In beauty's cause how weak his skill !
 And how unable was his will !
 For all his talk, and all his mind,
 Was rather stoically inclin'd.

Whilom, where ancient annals crown
 The *British* name with just renown ;
 Where oft' the drum and bloody fight
 To deeds of glory did excite ;
 Lonely there ran a chrystal brook,
 By all of chearful soul forsook ;

O'ergrown

O'ergrown with bushes, and the shade,
 Seem'd only fit for study made :
 The birds above, with various voice,
 Did echo to the river's noise ;
 The river's noise, through caves unseen,
 Return'd the melody again ;
 And round the vales in concert brought,
 Reflected sweetly to the thought.

Soon as the day, with new-dress'd light,
 Peep'd from the curtains of the night,
 Young *Sylvius* wou'd his sleep forbear,
 And to the much-lov'd shade repair ;
 On vast designs intensely brood,
 To measure out the *Longitude*.

To me, he cry'd, the private skill
 My painful labours shall reveal :
 I shall the secret know ; 'tis I
 The welcome wonder shall descry ;
 To me much honour shall pertain,
 Much profit shall the nations gain.

How shall the youth the tale pursue,
 Unless the muse directs his view ?
 The muse can only fit impart
 Fond *Sylvius*' disappointed smart ;
 And how when all his projects fail'd,
 The weak pretended *Stoick* rail'd.
 O never now, be sure, he cry'd,
 Fond *Sylvius* shall at rest abide ;
 The troubled boy shall still complain,
 While floods pay tribute to the main ;

Long

238 THE LONGITUDE FOUND OUT.

Long as the seasons of the year
 In all their various forms appear ;
 Whilst winter's cold, and summer's heat,
 Upon the hardy forests beat ;
 Shall *Sylvius* constantly be true,
 O woods ! to sadness, and to you.
 Distemper'd thus, from place to place,
 He wail'd the straitness of his case ;
 And as he lay beside the shore,
 Repeating all his troubles o'er,
 The shades were sighing, and the tide,
 Purling to ev'ry sigh, reply'd.

Near to the river's side there stood
 An ancient beautiful abode
 Of large extent ; and old report
 Does mention it in noble sort ;
 But since, by fate's disposing rule,
 Converted to a boarding school.
 From thence at sundry times the fair
 Wou'd come to take the ev'ning air,
 And some wou'd by the river rove,
 And some wou'd walk the pleasant grove ;
 And some the meadows wou'd frequent,
 And some at home the ev'ning spent ;
 As each by diff'rent humours wrought,
 A diff'rent recreation sought.

Young *Thetis* was the nymph, whose praise
 Wou'd make too proud my humble lays.
Sylvius she lov'd, but ne'er cou'd find
 The *Stoick* student to her mind ;

Tho'

Tho' oft' she'd in the bower surprize
The wayward youth with kindled eyes,
And blushing, with her looks declare
The motives that entic'd her there.

Of gentle lineage was she sprung,
And in her years bewitching young;
Of charming shape, and in her face
Well fitted for a king's embrace:
No curious eye did e'er behold
A sweeter maid, of mortal mould.

Yet *Sylvius*, ah! too simple swain!
The gay inviter cou'd refrain,
Feel all the wanton willing fair,
And yet the ready blifs forbear.

It was the close of pleasant light
Did *Thetis* to the fields invite.
Her hair was black as raven's down,
And white as *May*-buds was her gown;
And round was girt, as if it grew,
A riband of a crimson hue:
The winds embrac'd her, and the trees
Bow'd to the mistress of the breeze.

Full glad the nymph her *Sylvius* found
In feigned slumbers on the ground;
And taking soft his hand, she prest
It all endearing to her breast.
The pleased student, half afraid,
Surpriz'd the trembling bashful maid;
And as she found her strength decay,
She gently push'd the youth away:

He

240 THE LONGITUDE FOUND OUT.

He squeez'd her close, and kiss'd her charms,
And bless'd the burthen of his arms.

Ah, *Thetis* ! ravish'd *Sylvius* cry'd,
My panting heart's endearing bride,
Thou young enticer, shall I now
My life and happiness forego?
'Tis you, my love, and only you,
Can raise me and support me too !
O little smiling *Venus* then,
In spite of your almost fifteen,
To me your charge of charms resign,
And let thy soul confess thee mine ;
In all thy bloom and bright array,
The wrongs of fickle fate repay,
Restore my peace, repel my pain,
O thou, the wish of ev'ry swain !
In thee, my charmer, I shall feel
New joys, new *Longitudes* reveal ;
If not, yet certain thou shalt be
To find the *Longitude* of me !



THE MASTIFF.

A TALE.

YOUR deep observers of mankind,
 Assure us constantly they find
 A strong propensity of nature,
 Rooted in every human creature,
 To do what otherwise they would not,
 When once forbid, because they should not.
 This inclination, so perverse,
 Is laid by *Partridge* on the stars;
 Your rakes, with floods of elocution,
 Charge it on chance, or constitution;
 And out-of-fashion-folks believe
 It sprung from *Adam* and from *Eve*.
 But though your wits dispute about it,
 The fact itself was never doubted.
 This truth t'illustrate, I have chosen
 One common story from a thousand.
 Let critics at the fable quarrel,
 There's no exception to the moral.

In days of yore (no need to show
 How many hundred years ago)
 A pair there flourish'd, free from strife,
 Who liv'd, indeed, like man and wife.
 Her temper mild and sweet, abhorr'd
 To scold and wrangle at her board.

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M

Their

Their nights were peaceable, and freed
From curtain-lecture was the bed ;
When in a fault her spouse she found,
She rarely, very rarely frown'd.
In short, she gave him not occasion
For half the trouble and vexation,
Which many a hen-peck'd-keeping varlet
Endures most meekly from his harlot.

Next door a captain chanc'd to shine,
Whose clothes and equipage were fine,
A young and well accomplished heir,
Of gentle blood, and fortune fair ;
For ever at the ladies call,
To deal the cards, or lead the ball ;
To squire them to the church or play,
And sense or nonsense sing or say.
This youth sometimes occasion'd pain
In our too happy husband's brain ;
Yet of himself ashamed, with care
He kept his dreams from taking air,
Else ev'ry gossip in the town
Had rose in arms, and fac'd him down,
She never knew in all her life,
A dame more virtuous than his wife.

Before the wight was wholly freed
From these disorders in his head,
Such bus'ness call'd him from his house,
As scarce gave time to tell his spouse ;
He would have instantly been gone,
As being old enough, alone,

But

But she, good woman ! durst not send him,
Without a servant to attend him.
She kindly begs him not to stay,
When bus'ness was dispatch'd, a day.
He promises, when in his pow'r,
He would not absent be an hour.

Soon as conveniently they can,
Up mounts the master and the man ;
When once set out they travell'd fast,
Yet ere they half a mile had past
His jealousy began to rise ;
Thought he, as being deadly wise,
This captain now behind my back,
Addresses to my wife will make :
'Tis true, I shan't continue long,
But she is fair, and he is young,
And if it once be done, 'tis plain
It ne'er can be undone again.
I own, I never yet could find
Her heart to gallantry inclin'd ;
But then, in such a case, a man
Can hardly be too careful. — *John*,
Go, bid your mistress keep at home,
Nor see the captain till I come.
John gallops back, but on his way,
Thus, with himself began to say :
And pray where is it I am going ?
And what fool's errand am I doing,
To make my mistress, for her life,
A faithless, or a scolding wife ?

At best she'll wonder what he ails,
And fancy I've been telling tales,
Tho' she is yet, I dare be sworn,
As blameless as the babe unborn;
Perhaps, to be forbid may tempt one
To wish for what one never dreamt on.
I'll carry no such message home,
To cause my master's cuckoldom.
Thus fearful of foreseen disaster,
And much discreeter than his master,
Resolv'd full sagely. — Back he came,
And frighted heartily the dame,
Who thought her lord had come to harm,
And broke at least, a leg or arm;
For *John* made twenty hums and hahs,
When question'd what the matter was.
He was not like your servants now,
But of invention dull and slow;
He could not hammer out a lie:
The lady stood impatient by.
What ails your master? — Tell me quick.
He begs you would not — *Can't you speak?*
Not ride the mastiff till you see him.
What! does the fellow rave or dream?
You are not sure 'twas all he said —
Yes, indeed, madam. — Is he mad?
Not ride the mastiff! what a whim!
Who ever thought of riding him?
Go back again from me, and pray,
Desire he'd let you with him stay,

Or

Or find some wiser message, *John*,
Hereafter to employ you on.

He went, and mother nature now,
In madam's breast began to glow.
She mus'd; but still the more she thought,
The less she found the meaning out.
Not ride the mastiff! could it be
Merely to try his sov'reignty,
When from my very wedding-day
I ne'er was known to disobey?
There must be something in't to make
Him send a servant posting back.
I never heard of it before;
Perhaps the maid may tell me more,
For maids, or those that bear the name,
May sometimes teach a wedded dame.
She thought the emptiest of the two
Would soonest blab out all she knew;
But *Betty* never *Towler* rid,
Nor heard of any one that did.
Vex'd at her asking such a ninny,
She sends her down to call up *Jenny*;
But slyer *Jane* could tell no more
Than simpler *Betty* had before;
But star'd with all the eyes she had,
And thought her mistress drunk or mad.
Tho' begg'd, and storm'd, and begg'd again,
Her pray'rs and threat'nings were in vain;
She might as easily have sought
To sound the bottom of a plot,

Or, though a woman, ta'en occasion
 T' enquire the secret of *Free-Mason*,
 And how, as mystic lodge supposes,
 Duke *Wharton* can succeed to *Moses*.

No diligence there wanting was,
 Yet so deplorable her case,
 Thro' servants obstinate denial,
 Nothing was left her but a trial.
 Who should the secret fact betray?
 One word herself she would not say.
 What no one saw, who should reveal?
 For sure the Mastiff could not tell.
 Resolv'd at length, she calls him to her,
 And shutting carefully the door,
 She pats his head, and strokes his side,
 ('Twas now no more than up and ride.)
 Fast by his neck she held, and thus
 Mounted her strange *Bucephalus*;
 Nor found it difficult to get,
 Without a stirrup, to her seat.

Towzer, unus'd to be bestrode,
 Groan'd sorely at the wicked load,
 And strove all ways to disencumber
 His burthen'd shoulders of their lumber;
 Rear'd, and curvetted, and in fume,
 Trotted, and gallop'd round the room.
 But she, who now, or never thought,
 To find her husband's meaning out,
 Firm, though without a saddle, sat,
 And clung as closely as a cat.

But

But fortune often spoils the course,
 Whether we ride on dog or horse;
 Under a table crept her steed,
 Threw her, and broke her addle head.

Enrag'd, and furly, up she got,
 Rail'd at her husband for a sot;
 When he return'd she kept her state,
 Nor stirr'd to meet him at the gate.
 Up stairs he went, and found her ill,
 Silent, she frown'd, and fullen still,
 But could not scolding long refrain,
 Or, take it in poetic strain:
 At length the cloud that low'ring hung,
 Burst into thunder of her tongue,
 Like lightning's flash her eye appears,
 And rain fell plenteous in her tears.
 See—what you made the mastiff do!
 Did ever any man but you—
 And on she went, but there's no need
 Of punctual telling all she said,
 An extract may suffice.—The dame
 Full on her husband turn'd the blame.
 Stark, staring mad, he, to forbid it!
 She, a poor innocent, that did it!

The man, who knew not what was done,
 Ran down amaz'd, and fell on *John*.
 Sirrah! what makes your mistress rave?
 What was the message that you gave?
 Or tell me, or I'll—*John* reply'd,
 I bade her not the mastiff ride.

248 A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

The master furious 'gan to look,
John begg'd one word before he struck.
 Sir, had I charg'd her in your name,
 To shun the captain till you came,
 Doubtless the case had been the same.
 Her forehead broke, your brow secures,
 Or else the knobs had been on yours.

}

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

A T A L E.

By Mr. *HENRY BAKER*.

'T WAS said, by those of old, beware,
 Consider well before you swear.

The counsel's good without dispute,
 And ev'ry prudent man will do't.
 But, if you've sworn (be added now)
 Take heed how you perform your vow.

How, Sir! a *casuist* replies,
 (And wildly stares with both his eyes)
 Pray have a care, lest what you say
 Takes all the force of oaths away.

Mistake me not, good Sir; what I
 From that precaution would imply,
 Is this — an oath perform'd, may be
 Ruin, perhaps, or injury,

To

To one, or more : — then I aver,
The breach of such an oath is far
Less sinful than it was to swear.

}

What's this to me ? the reader cries :
Poor stuff ! will poets ne'er be wise !
But scribble, without wit, dull rhyme,
Merely to fool away the time :
How comes this dreamer else to fall
On matters casuistical ?

Stay, stay, my angry friend, forbear,
Nor thus condemn before you hear.
Poets, delighted with the chimes
Of flowing verse, and easy rhymes,
Mistaken, dance enchanted rounds,
Forfaking sense for empty sounds :
This is acknowledg'd, to their shame,
But are not *readers* too to blame ?
To blame ! for what ? — Yourself have shown,
By judging ere the case is known.
The case ! what case ? Pray read the story.
Where is it ? Why it lies before ye.

The S T O R Y.

JUST nine months after *Joan* and *John*,
From two were conjur'd into one,
Their friends and neighbours round about
Are summon'd to the crying-out.

The gossips come : and honest *Joan*,
Receives them all with many a groan.

John taps the ale, and cuts the cheese :
 Come eat, and drink, whate'er you please ;
 Kind neighbours all, I'm glad to see ye,
 Here's the good *woman's* health unto ye.
 Quick moves the bowl : their clappers run,
 Of what was, and what was not done :
 All speak at once : of various things,
 With mirth and noise, the chamber rings.

This, tells what happen'd at her marriage,
 And that, the cause of her miscarriage ;
 One proves the whole myfterious art
 Of managing a husband's heart,
 And how a prudent wife with ease
 May make him do — whate'er she please.
 Another, plain beyond all doubt,
 Why she was ne'er with child makes out ;
 And with much reason does aver,
 The fault could no ways be in her.
 What matches are in hand they show,
 And whisper round who lies with who.
 Some secret every one pretends,
 To scandalize her absent friends,
 And when she's out of breath with railing,
 Cries out, — but who's without a failing !

Joan lies attentive to their chat,
 Of cocks and bulls, and this and that,
 In hopes to hear some piece of news
 Of service for her private use,
 In case her *John* should ever dare
 Attempt the management of her :

Tho'

Tho' his obedience to her will
Had been with due submission still ;
'Tis best, however, to provide
For all may possibly betide.

But now, her pains with greater force
Come on : and *Joan* grows worse and worse.
Her hands she wrings with piteous moan,
And sighs, and doubles ev'ry groan.
The good-wives hearing such a clutter,
Forake their cups, and haste about her,
All are employ'd : — this sets the cradle ;
That stirs the cawdle with a ladle ;
One airs the clouts, and makes them fit ;
Another waits to take the chit.
Some bid her be of hearty cheer,
For her delivery is near ;
While others pity her condition,
And fain would send for a physician.

But, notwithstanding all their care,
Joan screams, and groans, and tears her hair,
Oh ! I can never bear this pain !
And then she screams, and groans again.

John all this time stood near the bed,
And like a booby hung his head :
He knew not what to do, or say,
And often wish'd himself away.
Joan sees him : — *John ! ah John !* she cries,
(And thrusts her fingers in her eyes)
Indeed, you are a naughty man
To put your wife to all this pain !
But you shall never do't again !

And then she sigh'd most grievously ; —
Good by t'ye, *John*, for I shall die !

Poor *John*, a fond good-natur'd fellow,
At this began to sob and bellow,
Protesting he would give his life
And all he had to save his wife.

Joan was, in truth, exceeding ill,
But not without her cunning still ;
This was the time, she thought, to prove
The measure of her husband's love.
Come hither, *John*, she weeping cries,
Kiss your poor wife before she dies !
John kiss'd her : — Now kneel down, and swear,
If heav'n my life should chance to spare,
That you will ne'er again require
I should submit to your desire,
Which I, you know, have always done,
Your will preferring to my own.
This if I live. — But if I die —
You'll ne'er get such a wife as I.

John swore : — And now that curse on *Eve*,
Which dooms her daughters all to grieve,
Forc'd *Joan* to give so loud a squall,
The neighbours heard it one and all.
When straight, the mid-wife, full of joy,
Produc'd to *John* a swinging boy.
He, quite transported, kiss'd the child
To death almost ; *Joan* wept, and smil'd ;
The laughing gossips round it come,
And mirth and pleasure fill the room.

Now

Now safe, at ease, and laid in bed,
Joan ponders all her gossips said :
Recovers strength, is pert and gay :
And eats her chicken every day.

The cares of life are never done !
John's now baptizing of his son :
And struts to church before the folk,
As proud as any turkey-cock.
The table's plentifully stor'd,
And chearful healths go round the board.

The guests how pleas'd ? — I cannot say ;
They ate, and drank, and went their way.

A month is past, that honest *Joan*
Has been constrain'd to lie alone :
A month ! a tedious time indeed !
(But foolish custom so decreed.)
Thank heav'n 'tis past ! the sheets are air'd,
The pillows laid, the bed prepar'd :
They sup : *Joan* yawns : the clock strikes eight ;
Come, *John*, I dare not sit up late :
Upon his breast she drops her head :
Go, pr'ythee, *Susan*, warm the bed :
Joan's first in bed : *John's* soon undrest.
A kiss : — Good night : — and turns to rest.
Such usage *Joan* had not expected,
She was not wont to be neglected :
Whate'er had been his other cares,
John still had minded her affairs.
What can this mean ? she fears to know :
He ne'er before had serv'd her so.

Restless

Restless she tosses, deeply sighs ;
 The tears fall trickling from her eyes :
 At length she speaks : My *John* ! my life !
 Why turn'st thou from thy loving wife ?
 Come lay thy head upon this breast,
 And let me lull my dear to rest.

Ah, *Joan* ! says he, your former pain
 Forbids us — to lie close again :
 For your dear sake I will refrain.
 But let this hard forbearance prove
 The greatness of your husband's love.
 No, *John*, quoth she, your faithful *Joan* :
 In love she'll never be out-done,
 But always is prepar'd to show
 How she despises death for you.

With this she rush'd into his arms,
 And almost smother'd him with charms ;
 Glowing, with wanton love, he press'd
 Her panting bosom to his breast ;
 My dear ! she cries, do what you will,
 My duty is obedience still.

John pauses : — what's the matter now !
 I'd do't, says he, but for my vow.
 Strong beats her pulse, quick roll her eyes ;
 You'd do't, but for your vow ! she cries :
 (Breathless, transported, round his waist
 With both her arms she locks him fast)
 Indeed, my love ! 'tis all a joke ;
 Rash vows are made but to be broke.

A new SIMILE for the LADIES, &c.

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

I Often try'd in vain to find
 A *Simile* for human-kind,
 A *Simile* I mean to fit 'em,
 In every circumstance to hit 'em;
 Thro' ev'ry beast and bird I went,
 I ran sack'd ev'ry element,
 And after peeping thro' all nature,
 To find so whimsical a creature,
 A *cloud* presented to my view,
 And straight this parallel I drew:

Clouds turn with ev'ry wind about,
 They keep us in suspense and doubt,
 Yet oft perverse, like woman-kind,
 Are seen to scud against the wind;
 And are not women just the same?
 For, who can tell at what they aim?

Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
 When bellowing they discharge their thunder;
 So when the larum-bell is rung,
 Of *Xanti's** everlasting tongue,
 The husband dreads its loudness more
 Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.

* *Xanti*, a nick-name for *Xantippe*, the scolding wife of *Socrates*.

Clouds

256 A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

Clouds weep as they do, without pain,
And what are tears but women's rain?

The *clouds* about the welkin roam,
And ladies never stay at home.

The *clouds* build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair;
For all the schemes of their forecasting,
Are not more solid, nor more lasting.

A *cloud* is light by turns, and dark,
Such is a lady with her spark;
Now, with a sudden pouting gloom,
She seems to darken all the room;
Again she's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
And all is clear, when she has smil'd.

In this they're wondrously alike,
(I hope the *Simile* will strike)

Tho' in the darkest dumps you view 'em,
Stay but a moment, you'll see through 'em.

The *clouds* are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection;
So *Cælia*, with small provocation,
Blasts ev'ry neighbour's reputation.

The *clouds* delight in gaudy show,
For they, like ladies, have their beau;
The gravest matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.

Observe the *clouds* in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd,
The pink, the rose, the vi'let's dye,
In that great drawing-room the sky.

How

How do these differ from our graces,
In garden-filks, brocades and laces ?
Are they not such another fight,
When met upon a birth-day night ?

The *clouds* delight to change their fashions
Dear ladies, be not in a passion,
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who ev'ry hour delight in change.

In them and you alike are seen
The fullen symptoms of the spleen ;
The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.

In ev'ning fair you may behold
The *clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd gold,
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.

Grave matrons are like *clouds* of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow,
While brisk coquets, like rattling hail,
Our ears on ev'ry side assail.

Clouds when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light :
So when my *Chloe* I pursue,
No heaven beside, I have in view.

Thus, on comparison you see,
In ev'ry instance they agree,
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That ev'ry woman is a *cloud*.

THE CLOUDS ANSWER

TO THE

NEW SIMILE, &c.

By Dean SWIFT.

PResumptuous bard! how cou'd you dare

A woman with a *Cloud* compare?

Strange pride and insolence you show,

Inferior mortals *there* below.

And is our thunder in your ears

So frequent or so loud as theirs?

Alas! our thunder soon goes out;

And only makes you more devout.

Then is not female clatter worse,

That drives you not to *pray*, but *curse*?

We hardly thunder thrice a year;

The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear:

But, ev'ry sublunary dowdy,

The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.

Some critic may object, perhaps,

That *Clouds* are blam'd for giving *Claps*;

But what, alas! are *Claps* *Ætherial*,

Compar'd for mischief, to venereal?

Can *Clouds* give bubo's, ulcers, blotches,

Or from your noses dig out notches?

We leave the body sweet and sound;

We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You

You know a *cloudy* sky bespeaks
 Fair weather, when the morning breaks ;
 But, women in a *cloudy* plight,
 Foretell a storm to last till night.

A *Cloud*, in proper seasons, pours
 Its blessings down in fruitful show'rs ;
 But, woman was by fate design'd
 To pour down curses on mankind.

When * *Syrius* o'er the welkin rages,
 Our kindly help his fire assuages ;
 But woman is a curst-inflamer,
 No parish ducking-stool can tame her :
 To kindle strife, dame nature taught her ;
 Like fire-works, she can burn in water.

For fickleness how durst you blame us,
 Who for our constancy are famous ?
 You'll see a *Cloud* in gentle weather
 Keep the same face an hour together :
 While woman, if it could be reckon'd,
 Change ev'ry feature ev'ry second.

Observe our figure in a morning ;
 Of foul or fair we give you warning ;
 But can you guess from woman's air,
 One minute, whether foul or fair ?

Go read in ancient books enroll'd,
 What honours we possess'd of old !

To disappoint *Ixion's* rape,
JOVE drest a *Cloud* in *Juno's* shape :

* *The Dog-Star*

Which

260 ANSWER TO THE NEW SIMILE.

Which, when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
 No goddess could have pleas'd him more;
 No diff'rence could he find between
 His *Cloud*, and *JOVE*'s imperial queen:
 His *Cloud* produc'd a race of *Centaurs*,
 Fam'd by a thousand bold adventures;
 From us descended *ab-origine*;
 By learned authors call'd *Nubigenæ*.
 But say, what earthly nymph do you know,
 So beautiful to pass for *Juno*?

Before *Æneas* durst aspire
 To court her majesty of *Tyre*,
 His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
 That *Dido* might the more caress him:
 A coat we gave him, dy'd in grain;
 A *flaxen* wig, and *clouded* cane.
 (The wig was powder'd round with fleet;
 Which fell in *Clouds* beneath his feet)
 With which he made a tearing show:
 And *Dido* quickly *smok'd the Beau*.

Among your females make enquiries;
 What nymph on earth so fair as *Iris*?
 With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
 And yet her father is a *Cloud*.
 We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
 Befitting *Juno*'s fav'rite maid.

'Tis known, that *Socrates* the wise,
 Ador'd us *Clouds* as deities:
 To us he made his daily prayers,
 As *Aristophanes* declares:

From

From *Jupiter* took all dominion,
 And dy'd defending his opinion.
 By his authority, 'tis plain
 You worship other gods in vain:
 And from your own experience know,
 We govern all things there below.
 You follow where we please to guide;
 O'er all your passions we preside;
 Can raise them up, or sink them down,
 As we think fit to smile or frown:
 And, just as we dispose your brain,
 Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

Compare us then to female race!
 We, to whom all the gods give place!
 Who better challenge your allegiance,
 Because we dwell in higher regions:
 You find, the gods in *Homer* dwell
 In seas, and streams, or low as hell:
 E'en *Jove*, and *Mercury* his pimp,
 No higher climb than mount *Olymp*,
 (Who makes you think, the *Clouds* he pierces:
 He pierce the *Clouds*! he kifs their arses.)
 While we, o'er *Teneriffa* plac'd,
 Are loftier by a mile at least:
 And when *Apollo* struts on *Pindus*,
 We see him from our kitchen windows:
 Or, to *Parnassus* looking down,
 Can piss upon his lawrel crown.

Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
 In vehicles they mount the sky:

When

When *JOVE* would some fair nymph inveigle,
 He comes full gallop on his eagle.
 Though *Venus* be as light as air,
 She must have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo stirs not out of door,
 Without his lacker'd coach and four.
 And jealous *Juno*, ever snarling,
 Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin:
 But we can fly where'er we please,
 O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:
 From East to West, the world we roam;
 And in all climates are at home;
 With cares provide you as we go,
 With sun-shine, rain, and hail, or snow.
 You, when it rains, like fools believe
JOVE pisses on you through a sieve:
 An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
 We only dip a sponge in water;
 Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
 And shake it well, and down it comes:
 As you shall to your sorrow know;
 We'll watch your steps where'er you go:
 And, since we find you walk a-foot,
 We'll soundly souse your frize furtout.
 'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
 That *Phæbus* ever shows his face;
 For when we please, we open wide
 Our curtains blue, from side to side:
 And then how saucily he shows
 His brazen face and fiery nose!

And

And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair.

'Tis sung wherever *Celia* treads,
The vi'lets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs;
'Tis sung, but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle,
Will often piss upon a nettle;
But, though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better:
While we, by soft prolific show'rs,
Can ev'ry spring produce you flowers.

Your poets, *Chloe*'s beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet, I hope, 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a *Cloud*.

But, gods like us, have too much sense
At poets flights to take offence,
Nor can Hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to *Venus*.

We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.



CHLORIS IN A PIG-STYE.

A T A L E.

FAIR *Chloris* in a pig-stye lay,
 Her tender herd lay by her :
 And while she slept, with gruntlings they,
 Complaining of the scorching day,
 Her slumbers thus inspire.

She dreamt, while she with careful pains
 Her snowy arms employ'd,
 In cleanly pails to fill out grains,
 One of her love-convicted swains
 Thus hasting to her cry'd :

Fly nymph, ah fly, ere 'tis too late,
 A dear-lov'd life to save !

Rescue your bosom-pig from fate,
 Who now expires, hung in the gate,
 That leads to yonder cave.

Myself had try'd to set him free,
 Rather than brought the news :
 But I am so abhorr'd by thee,
 That e'en thy darling's life, from me,
 I know thou wou'dst refuse.

Struck with the news, as quick she flies
 As blushes to her face :

Not the bright lightning from the skies,
 Nor love shot from her brighter eyes,
 Move half so swift a pace.

This plot, she dreams, the lustful slave
 Had laid against her honour :

Which

Which not one god took care to save,
 For he pursues her to the cave,
 And throws himself upon her.

Now pierced is her virgin zone,
 She feels the foe within it;
 She hears a broken am'rous groan,
 The panting lover's fainting moan,
 Just in the happy minute.

Undone ! undone ! the maiden cries,
 And piteously screams out :
 When, ah ! she found, to her surprise,
 A pig had crept between her thighs,
 And pok'd her with his snout.



THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE.

From CHAUCER.

By Mr. POPE.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
 And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife !
 To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
 And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
 In all these trials I have borne a part,
 I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart ;
 For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
 Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

N

Christ

Christ saw a wedding once, the scripture says,
 And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days ;
 Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
 No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
 The words address'd to the *Samaritan* :

Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd ;
 And sure the certain flint was ne'er defin'd.

Encrease and *multiply* was heav'n's command,
 And that's a text I clearly understand.

This too, " Let men their fires and mothers leave,
 " And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."

More wives than one by *Solomon* were try'd,
 Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.

I've had myself full many a merry fit ;
 And trust in heaven I may have many yet.

For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
 Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
 I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
 Declar'd 'twas better far to wed, than burn.

There's danger in assembling fire and tow ;
 I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.

The same Apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
 No precept for Virginitv he found :

'Tis but a counsel——and we women still,
 Take which we like, the counsel or our will.

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity ;
 Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice :
 I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.

Heav'n

Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those :
Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor ;
Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny ;
But, by your leave, Divines, so am not I.

Full many a Saint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted maid, in spite of man :
Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley-bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n,
And use the copious talent it has giv'n :
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night :
His proper body is not his, but mine ;
For so said *Paul*, and *Paul's* a sound divine.
Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride :
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in apace : with show'rs of gold,
They made their court like *Jupiter* of old.
If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye fov'reign wives ! give ear, and understand ;
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.

For never was it giv'n to mortal man,
To lie so boldly as we women can.
Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir *Paul*! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caref'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin, or a friend,
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair,
Cry, wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,
Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetick,
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side.
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horfes

Horfes (thou fay'st) and affes, men may try,
 And ring suspected veffels ere they buy :
 But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
 They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake :
 Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
 And all the woman glares in open day.

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
 Your eyes must always languish on my face,
 Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
 And tag each sentence with, My life ! my dear !
 If, by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd,
 Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
 My garments always must be new and gay,
 And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
 Then must my Nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid ;
 And endless treats, and endless visits paid,
 To a long train of kindred, friends, allies ;
 All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On *Jenkin*, too, you cast a squinting eye :
 What? can your prentice raise your jealousy?
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
 And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
 But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
 I'd scorn your prentice should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
 Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
 Sir, I'm no fool : nor shall you, by *St. John*,
 Have goods and body to your self alone.
 One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
 I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.

If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,

"Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell :

"Take all the freedoms of a married life ;

"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord ! when you have enough, what need you
care

How merrily soever others fare ?

Tho' all the day I give and take delight,

Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.

'Tis but a just and rational desire,

To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array,

And none can long be modest that are gay :

The cat, if you but finge her tabby skin,

The chimney keeps, and sits content within ;

But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,

Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun ;

She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,

To show her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires

These three right ancient venerable fires.

I told 'em, thus you say, and thus you do—

And told 'em false, but *Jenkin* swore 'twas true.

I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,

And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.

I tax'd them oft' with wenching and amours,

When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of
doors ;

And swore the rambles that I took by night

Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.

That

That colour brought me many hours of mirth ;
 For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
 Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
 To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
 By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
 By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
 I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
 Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
 If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
 What ! so familiar with your spouse ? I cry'd :
 I levied first a tax upon his need ;
 Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed !
 Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
 Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
 With empty hands no taffels you can lure,
 But fulsome love for gain we can endure ;
 For gold we love the impotent and old,
 And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
 Yet with embraces, curses oft' I mixt,
 Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
 Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.
 To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
 E'en tho' the Pope himself had set at table.
 But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke :
 " Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look ?
 " Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek ;
 " Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and
 " meek !
 " Of *Job's* great patience since so oft' you preach,
 " Well should you practise, who so well can teach.

- " 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
 " But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
 " Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
 " Who puts a period to domestic strife.
 " One of us two must rule, and one obey;
 " And since in man right reason bears the sway,
 " Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way. }
 " The wives of all my family have rul'd
 " Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
 " Fye, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;
 " What! would you have me to yourself alone?
 " Why take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!
 " Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
 " Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
 " You little think what custom I could have.
 " But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!
 " What means my dear?—indeed—you are to
 " blame."

Thus with my first three lords I pass my life;
 A very woman, and a very wife.
 What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
 Tho' past my bloom, yet not decay'd was I,
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
 In country dances still I bore the bell,
 And sung as sweet as evening *Philomel*.
 To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
 Full oft' I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
 And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:

For

For 'tis as sure, as cold engenders hail,
A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail;
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.

But oh, good gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight,
Now all my conquests, all my charms good night!
The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two;
But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,
Not with my body, in a filthy way:
But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft' when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.
How sore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from *Jerusalem*;
And now lies buried underneath a rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.

A tomb,

A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,
 Than that *Mausolus'* pious widow plac'd,
 Or where enshrin'd the great *Darius* lay;
 But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
 The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
 So, bless the good man's soul—I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;
 (Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest)
 Full hearty was his love, and I can shew
 The tokens on my ribs, in black and blue;
 Yet, with a knock, my heart he could have won,
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
 How quaint an appetite in woman reigns!
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
 Of *Oxford* he, a most egregious clerk.
 He boarded with a widow in the town,
 A trusty gossip, one dame *Alison*.
 Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
 Better than e'er our parish priest could do.
 To her I told whatever could befall;
 Had but my husband pifs'd against a wall,
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
 She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
 Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.
 Oft' has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel, in holy time of *Lent*,
 That oft' a day I to this gossip went ;
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
 From house to house we rambled up and down,
 This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour *Alce*,
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
 Visits to ev'ry church we daily paid,
 And march'd in ev'ry holy masquerade,
 The stations duly, and the vigils kept ;
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
 At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay ;
 The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array,
 The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day.

'Twas when fresh *May* her early blossoms yields,
 This clerk and I were walking in the fields.
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
 I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
 That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
 We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed ;
 I still have shifts against a time of need :
 The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
 Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd I scarce could sleep, since first I knew
 him,
 And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him ;
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
 And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown ;
 All this I said ; but dreams, firs, I had none :
 I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
 Who bade me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus.

Thus day by day, and month by month we pass;
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
 I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
 And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
 Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
 To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
 The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
 Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.
 But as he march'd, good gods! he show'd a pair
 Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
 Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;
 I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
 But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;
 And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.
 A conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
 Assur'd me, *Mars* in *Taurus* was my sign.
 As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
 Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
 Fair *Venus* gave me fire, and sprightly grace,
 And *Mars* assurance, and a dauntless face.
 By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
 I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,
 With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.
 All I possess'd I gave to his command,
 My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:
 But oft' repented, and repent it still;
 He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will:
 Nay, once, by heav'n! he struck me on the face;
 Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn

Stubborn as any lioness was I;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a Rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore.
He, against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes;
Tell how the *Roman* matrons led their life,
Of *Gracchus*' mother, and *Duilius*' wife;
And close the sermon, as be seem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of holy writ.
Oft' would he say, Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise oft' at evening read,
Where divers authors (whom the dev'l confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of *St. Jerome*, part;
Chrysippus and *Tertullian*, *Ovid's Art*,
Solomon's proverbs, *Eloisa's* loves;
And many more than sure the church approves.
More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the Bible and saints-lives.
Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'twas a man.
But cou'd we women write as scholars can,

Men

Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,
 Than all the sons of *Adam* could redress.
 Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
 And *Venus* sets e'er *Mercury* can rise.
 Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
 And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
 When old, and past the relish of delight,
 Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
 That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
 (This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
 Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
 How the first female (as the scriptures show)
 Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.
 How *Sampson* fell; and he whom *Dejanire*
 Wrap'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
 How curs'd *Eryphile* her lord betray'd,
 And the dire ambush *Clytemnestra* laid.
 But what most pleas'd him was the *Cretan* dame,
 And husband-bull—oh monstrous! fie for shame!

He had by heart, the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
 How oft' she scolded in a day, he knew,
 How many piss-pots on the sage she threw;
 Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
 Rain follows thunder, that was all he said.

He read, how *Arius* to his friend complain'd,
 A fatal tree was growing in his land,
 On which three wives successively had twin'd
 A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.

Where

Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh
where?

For better fruit did never orchard bear.

Give me some slip of this most blisful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be.

Then how two wives their lord's destruction prove,
Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought,
The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have
slain,

And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and
frown'd;

But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.

With that, my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd)
Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face;

I took

I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!

But after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.

Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life:

I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;

Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand. }

As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:

That rest they wish'd for, grant them in their grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

- Vol. I. Page 141, line 10, *for humours, read honours.*
 ——— 181, ——— 4, *for heedlsly, read heedlessly.*
 Vol. II. Page 16, line 21, *for preson, read person.*
 ——— 21, ——— 10, *read gives his cheek a gentle pat.*
 ——— 48, ——— 11, *for sometimes. read sometime.*
 ——— 65, ——— 4, *for bought, read I bought.*
 ——— 71, ——— 1, *for pear, read pearl.*
 ——— 81, ——— 23, *for beari t, read bear it.*
 ——— 148, ——— 19, *for lead, read led.*
 ——— 169, ——— 18, *for Thy spirit, read The spirit.*
 ——— 178, ——— 15, *for mine, read my.*

THE BREECHES;
OR, THE
COUNTRY CURATE
AND
COBLER'S WIFE.

A Comic-Satiric-Poetic-Descriptive TALE.

P R E F A C E.

AN imperfect, unfinished copy of the following TALE having been surreptitiously obtained, and obtruded on the public, without the knowledge and consent of the author, it is judged necessary to give a complete and genuine edition of it here, as it may be the means of removing certain conjectures that may have been formed, in the minds of some readers, from a perusal of the incomplete copy abovementioned, tending to criminate where no crimination was intended. This being premised, the cause and motive that led to the production of this ludicrous trifle shall now be explained and adjusted.

A parody of a simile in Smith's Tragedy of Phædra and Hypolitus, consisting of eight lines, made its appearance in a morning paper, which gave rise to the present work. The poem here sets out nearly in the words of that parody, which may not improperly be deemed the text, as from thence, the

descriptions that follow in the Tale are principally founded. But the author would not be understood to vouch for the truth of facts, as the whole may be a fiction, for any thing he knows to the contrary. He thought them fit for his purpose, and therefore made prize of them, merely to gratify an inclination for scribbling, which in an idle hour happened to seize him. To vague authority he has given a poetical form, and for *that* sin alone he holds himself responsible. It is said, and said perhaps with truth, that a certain place in the West of England has the honour of giving birth to this transaction, and that a reverend stickler for rituals and mysteries, is the hero of the story. But, however this may be, the writer would feel himself extremely unhappy, should any *innocent* person have the least injurious reflection cast on his moral or clerical character, from any thing that appears in the Tale, as such an invidious design was never a part of his intention. On the contrary, his sole aim was to expose to ridicule and contempt, a tribe of pulpit declaimers, who place all merit in religious trifles, and who, by an outward show of sanctity, and a ridiculous attachment to human institutions and unwarrantable creeds, scruple not to violate the dearest ties of morality, whenever it suits their interest, because they look upon such ties as purely heathenish, and consequently, the practice of them not incumbent on the enlightened few, nor of any account in the article of eternal salvation. Such sophistical teachers he thought were deserving of censure, and such has he satirized in the character of a *supposed* delinquent in that enthusiastic order of men. If this be a crime, he readily pleads guilty, and cheerfully submits his sentence to the judgment of the public. But, as he can truly say, with our moral satirist Pope,

“Curs’d

“Curs’d be the verse, howe’er so well it flow,
 “That tends to make one honest man my foe,
 “Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
 “Or from the soft-ey’d virgin steal a tear,”

he trusts, that in whatever light he may be considered as an author, he shall be acquitted of that most hateful of all characters, a *libeller of innocence*, and *defamer of virtue*.

THE B R E E C H E S. A T A L E.

SO when the Cobler’s Wife display’d her charms,
 The *pious* Curate rush’d into her Arms;
 His fatten breeches on the floor were tost,
 His sermons scatter’d, and his Bible lost;
 Of sacred mysteries he had no thought,
 Nor heeded once what holy church hath taught;
 The jolly paunch his ruddy Vicar bears,
 Excites no longer envious looks and cares;
 Now patrons, benefices, all give way,
 And yield obedience to Lust’s pow’ful sway.
 On dean’ries, bishopricks, he thinks no more,
 For all ambition’s center’d in his whore;
 Fierce raging fire within his bosom burns,
 And all the *priest* into the *lecher* turns.

Yet let the muse not do the Levite wrong,
 For though his *flesh* is *frail*, his *faith* is *strong*.
 Who doubts this truth, needs but to know the man,
 And then—why let him doubt it if he can.

A sycophantic cringe, a carnal eye,
 A tongue for sacred trifles prone to lie ;
 A faint-like face, a rueful length of chin,
 A meager carcase, merely cloath'd with skin ;
 A spindle leg, a shape so far from right,
 You'd think his sire begot him in despite.
 In naught did Nature *symmetry* regard,
 But form'd the figure from a taylor's yard.
 Now mark his gait, now view his prim-curl'd locks,
 And then you'll swear the THING is orthodox.
 If ask'd what age this pseudo-saint may be,
 Why—rumour whispers—*only fifty-three*.

A tribe of nymphs, of mother *Clapham's* breed,
 Who ne'er surrender till they first are feed,
 He often visits, with a pious view,
 To preach the faith, as other priests may do.
 The artful wantons, with a face demure,
 Declare his doctrines to be heav'nly pure,
 Affect much holy comfort and delight,
 And take no more than half their fee at night.
 As this digression's only by the way,
 We'll now go on with what we meant to say.

In alehouse near, his dreaming clerk was found,
 Who rais'd the fancied slave in feeble sound.
 Mean while the priest, too much alive to nod,
 In bed of Lust forgets th' avenging rod,
 And in embraces foul insults his GOD. }

Thus says report—or whether false or true,
 'Tis no concern to either me or you.

But

But should it chance to hit—as hit it may,
 Some rampant priest, for such, God-wot, will stray,
 The lash of satire may the sinner shame,
 And quell that lust Religion fail'd to tame.

But as 'tis wisely said, examples teach
 Much more than all that holy gown-men preach,
 So, lest dry morals here should also fail,
 We'll drop reflection, and pursue the Tale.

From town the honest Cobler made his way,
 And reach'd his dwelling at the close of day;
 An hour at least before his usual time;
 (I wave the reason from a want of rhyme.)
 The wife and priest—no wonder when so hot,
 Strait went to bus'ness, and the bolt forgot.
 Upon the latch Sim's sturdy thumb was bent:—
 The yielding latch uprose, and in he went.

Sore frightened and confounded at the noise,
 The guilty couple think no more of joys;
 The dread of vengeance from a husband's rage,
 Invades their souls, and all their thoughts engage.
 Forth creeps the parson from th' adult'rous bed,
 And underneath it hides his sinful head;
 The treach'rous wife most lamentably moans,
 And artful tears succeed to artful groans.

The injur'd husband enters now the room,
 But nothing finds to lead him to his doom,
 For all was buried in one common gloom. }
 Now making tow'ards the bed, aloud he bawls,
 "What, ho! my sweeting! 'tis thy Simkin calls.

"Why groans my love? and why in bed so soon?"—

"Alas!" she cry'd, "I have been here since noon.

"A cruel cholic tears me so, that I,

"Before the night is past, must surely die."

The unsuspecting husband sigh'd to hear
Such doleful lamentations from his dear;
But in a case so nice what cou'd he do?—
He wou'd have freely dy'd to save his Sue.

O'erpress'd by heart-felt bodings, fears, and cares,
In sad dejection he for bed prepares;
Pulls off his shoes, his garters, and his hose:—
His greasy breeches on the floor he throws.

The wife, on hearing what he was about,
For see she could not, mournfully cry'd out,
"Oh! Simkin, Simkin, little did I think,
"That you wou'd let me die for want of drink!
"A something warm, perhaps, ere I am lost,
"Might save my life—and that with little cost.
"A pint of Tap's fine ale and Holland's gin,
"With store of spice and sugar mix'd therein,
"And all made hot—as you know how, my dear,
"May drive away this cruel cholic here.
"Do go, my Sim!"—she groan'd and said no
more.

Away ran Simkin to the outer door;
But feeling soon a cold, unfriendly air,
He recollects his lower parts are bare:
When turning back, he gropes about the ground,
Till stockings, shoes, and breeches, all are found.

But

But here the foe of man, y'clep'd Old Nick,
Contriv'd to play the priest a scurvy trick ;
A trick to plunge him in a foul disgrace,
And make his flock deride him to his face.
The breeches Simkin on the floor did find,
Were Parson Crape's, which he had left behind.

The Cobler having slipp'd the breeches on,
Starts forth once more, and for the cordial's gone.
To Tap, with troubled eye and pallid cheek,
Which more than well-rang'd words afflictions
 speak,

He briefly tells, with undissembled face,
His present errand, and his wife's sad case.

“ Make haste,” he cry'd, “ and take this shilling,
 friend,

“ And, with the change, a glass of brandy send :

“ I've need of something now to cheer my heart.—

“ Ah ! must my Susan and her Simkin part !—

“ I'll stay and take the liquor when 'tis hot ;

“ And let me have it in a pewter pot.”

“ You're right,” said Tap, “ 'twill then retain
 its heat :

“ Warm things are good — and will the cure
 complete.

“ But what, my friend, has grief so turn'd your head,

“ As not to know what you have just now said ?

“ A shilling ! Simkin !—why, by this good light,

“ It is a golden guinea, fair and bright.

“ I fear, indeed, your honest wits are gone !—

“ But where didst get those breeches thou hast on ?

“ Will

"Will nothing less than fatten please your mind ?

"To humble *buck* you us'd to be inclin'd ;

"But since our priest—I will not say for what,

"Has found his way into your homely cot,

"You'll ne'er want breeches, Sim, if you are wise ;

"For Sue can tell you Crape has large supplies."

"This wit of thine," said Sim, "provokes my spleen,

"Nor can I for my soul know what you mean.

"A guinea ! fatten breeches !—Tap, you're mad !

"'Tis not for me to be so finely clad.

"And true it is, a guinea is so rare,

"Not one does ever come to Simkin's share."

"Look here," said Tap, "and be convinc'd,
you ninny,

"See what you gave me.—Is not this a guinea ?

"Next look you down, and view those fatten
breeches :

"I fancy they're the source of these your riches.

"Come, try your luck, and see what Fate has
sent ye ;

"Perhaps, on search, you'll find of guineas plenty."

Sim lost no time, but felt the pockets o'er,
When out he drew five glitt'ring guineas more.

Say, gentle Reader, did you ever see,
Upon the stage, a Ghost, arm'd cap-a-pee,
Which, in the gloomy horrors of the night,
Presents itself to Hamlet's tortur'd sight ?
If e'er you did, then think of Hamlet's start—
So started Sim—for Sim was pierc'd at heart.

"Lend

"Lend me yon light," said Sim, "for on my soul,
"I'll be reveng'd—I'll find his lurking hole."

Sim seiz'd a candle, without saying more,
And in a trice was at his chamber door.
In frantic manner now he looks around,
Examines closets, chimney, bed, and ground,
But all in vain—the Priest cou'd not be found. }

When Sim was absent—let it now be said,
Forth crawl'd the Parson from beneath the bed.
'The trembling sinner, anxious to be gone,
Feels for his breeches, and puts Simkin's on:
That done, he to the door next softly steals,
Then runs as if all hell was at his heels:
At ev'ry shadow trembles, starts, and stares,
And, when he's safely kennel'd, falls to pray'rs.

Thro' all Sim's search, Sue sweated in the
sheets,
And at the end her husband thus she greets:

"What means my dear?—what have you been
about?"

"Why all this clutter, all this heavy rout?"

"I hop'd, ere this, the cordial you'd have brought:

"But promises from Sim, I see, are naught."

"The *cordial*!" Sim reply'd, "thou faithless
jade!"

"A *cooling draught*, you mean, to spoil your trade.

"Behold these breeches!—see how wondrous fine!

"Why these, my dove, are Crape's, and he has mine.

"These guineas too, I trust, were left for me:—

"Or did he leave them as a strumpet's fee?"

"No

- “ No matter which, I’ll surely keep the gold,
“ And pay him int’reſt for’t, a hundred-fold.
“ My truſty ſtrap ſhall do the buſ’neſs right,
“ And faithfully diſcharge the debt on ſight.
“ And furthermore, my dear and loving wife,
“ I’ll do him juſtice with my paring-kniſe.
“ And as for you, my rib, ſo chaſte and pure,
“ A Spaniſh padlock ſhall make all ſecure.”

The proofs of guilt that Sim to Sue had ſhown,
The threats denounc’d by him in furious tone,
Determined Sue to aim at no defence,
But own, with *ſeeming* grief, her late offence.

- “ I grant,” ſhe ſaid, “ I have been much to blame;
“ The thought of which now covers me with ſhame.
“ Ah! did my Simkin—did my Simkin know,
“ But half the miſery I undergo,
“ His tender heart wou’d pity my diſtreſs,
“ Nor ſhould I here remain thus comfortleſs.
“ I mean not, Sim, to juſtify a fault,
“ Which has to wretchedneſs your Suſan brought;
“ But know, my dear, I ſtruggled to repel
“ Each ſoft allurements tempting to rebel:
“ And ſure, with pious fortitude I ſtrove
“ To check emotions of unlawful love,
“ Yet naught cou’d ſave me from the fatal ſnare,
“ That Satan laid to plunge me in deſpair.
“ ’Twas his devices tempted me to ſin,
“ But they ſhall never tempt me ſo again.
“ Forgive your Suſan then, my deareſt life,
“ And henceforth ſhe will be your *faithful* wife.”

Tears

Tears flow'd apace when she these words had
said :

Sim look'd forgiveness, and went strait to bed.
There Susan play'd a well-dissembled part,
And soon won over Simkin's easy heart.
What follow'd thence the modest muse says not,
But 'tis supposed the breeches were forgot.
Nor cares Sim now for taunting fleers and scorns
But with the Parson's guineas tips his horns.

Our hot-flesh'd Priest—some, style him man of
G-d—

Some, child of Satan—some, a Hodmandod.—
Our Priest, I say, now rid of ev'ry fear,
Of Sim's designs upon his carnal gear,
With whining cant, and sanctified grimace,
Laments most piteously his fall from grace.
But says, the lapse was short—it soon was o'er,
And will, with heav'n's help, transgress no more.
What though the *flesh* prevail'd—of this he's sure,
The *Spirit's* not *defil'd*—his *Faith* is *pure*.
Of holy men, who sometimes took a bit,
He'll cite you precedents from sacred writ,
How G-d's own chosen did with woman sin,
When strong desires prompted from within ;
How good King David, oft' in am'rous strife,
Resign'd his sceptre to Uriah's wife ;
How, dancing fore the Ark, with holy pride,
He *show'd* in public what lewd rakes wou'd *hide* :
Yet sacred scribes that act did never blame,
Or tarnish in the least his blessed name.

Well

Well fare his soul!—to Priesthood he was true,
And gave to woman what was woman's due!

And did not Abram too, as scriptures say,
The faithful Abram, with his hand-maid lay?
And though not young, nor yet unchastely wild,
Are we not told he got that maid with child?
Consult your Bible, all ye stand'rous crew,
Consult Thelyphth'ra,* and you'll find it true.
Why then should *he* be judg'd by rigid rules,
And be the jest of infidels and fools?

Freethinkers and Dissenters he abhorr'd,
For are not such despised by the L—d?
But as the *faithful* kindly take his part,
And ev'ry woman loves him at her heart,
What cause has he his recent fall to hide,
Who has both Jews and Christians on his side?

Thus *modern* Saints gloss o'er their fav'rite
crimes,

By showing Saints have sinn'd in *ancient* times;
But let this truth to hypocrites be known:

Another's vices wont protect their own.

* A Treatise on Female Ruin, by Dr. Madan.

F I N I S.

